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THE AUTHOR was a private soldier at the time of the battle, mounted and on detached service at the headquarters of Vincent's Brigade as bugler and bearer of Vincent's brigade flag. This duty required him to accompany the brigade commander wherever he might go on the march and in battle. This position gave him a better opportunity to hear orders given and received than even the members of the brigade staff, who were frequently absent at intervals conveying orders. Chapter IV contains the author's account of what he saw and heard.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

WHEN SWORDS BECOME PLOWSHARES . . . 281

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL 283

CASUAL COMMENT 283

Slipshod English. — The beginnings of library schools. — The humor of Henry James, senior. — Tendencies and achievements in contemporary Mexican literature. — How to get books to the bookless. — A reader's hint to innkeepers. — The luxury of rhetoric. — One way to praise a poet. — Antipodean library activities. — The death of an accomplished Greek scholar. — Local talent in the library. — A proposed gift to the Harvard library.

COMMUNICATIONS 287

"High-brow." *R. S.*

Mr. Cotterill's "Ancient Greece." *H. B. Cotterill.*

Pioneer Library Legislation in Illinois. *Sarah W. Hiestand.*

GLIMPSES OF A GIFTED FAMILY. *Percy F. Bicknell* 289

NEW LIGHT ON THE CIVIL WAR. *Ephraim Douglass Adams* 291

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON. *Clark S. Northup* 293

WOMAN AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. *T. D. A. Cockerell* 296

EVOLUTION OF HOUSEHOLD DECORATION. *Anna Benneson McMahan* 298

STRINDBERG IN ENGLISH. *Aksel G. S. Josephson* 300

The Red Room.—Married.—The Son of a Servant.—The Confession of a Fool. — By the Open Sea. — On the Seaboard.—The Inferno.—Zones of the Spirit.—In Midsummer Days. — Miss Lind-af-Hageby's August Strindberg. — Plays by Strindberg, third series.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS 303

Literature and art in the late 19th century. — An uncanonized Quaker saint. — English church architecture. — A lawyer's anecdotal retrospections. — Wise counsels for daily living. — An interpretation of Chinese Buddhism. — A bible of humanistic religion. — Our sense of Beauty. — Hidden nooks from Land's End to the Adriatic. — Studies in the evolution of the library. — A handbook to Hauptmann's life and work.

BRIEFER MENTION 307

NOTES 308

TOPICS IN APRIL PERIODICALS 309

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 310

WHEN SWORDS BECOME PLOWSHARES.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

In the long and often hopeless-seeming struggle against ignorance and passion and folly, these lines of Clough have given new courage to many a soldier of the spirit. They remind us that no effort for the right is really wasted, and that, however the immediate aim may be missed, moral agencies are set in motion which slowly but surely disintegrate inveterate prejudices and dispel ancient illusions. The impulse toward righteousness may for years work silently beneath the surface of things, and become translated into effective action only after a long series of disheartening setbacks. The path of progress is by no means the straight upward-sloping line that its more noisy advocates would have us think, but a spiral in which every inch of height is gained by a circuitous route, which often sags on the way. The forces that finally collect and break in some irresistible wave for the betterment of mankind have been slowly gathering from many obscure quarters, and their impact, when once focussed, surprises us by the rush of its overwhelming energy. A case in point is afforded by the dark chapter of recent history which records our ill-starred experiment in imperialism. During the past fifteen years the wisest of our leaders have appealed, apparently in vain, to the better angels of our nature for a repudiation of this monstrous negation of the most cherished principles of our national life. Their voices seemed to be as of those crying in a wilderness of self-seeking politics and smug hypocrisy, and yet they were heard in the secret chambers of many a heart, and wrought so effectively for the restoration of our spiritual health that the revulsion is already at hand, and the day clearly in sight when the patriotic American may again feel that his country has been restored to him. There are signs also that the two other wrongs that have more recently made us hide our heads for shame — the spoliation of Colombia and the violation of our plighted faith with England — are about to be righted, as far as reparation or reversal can

right them, and that we may soon feel free to look our sister nations in the face.

"Norman Angell," in a recent essay, gives us an illustration of the slow and subtle processes that, in the course of time, operate a radical change of outlook in men's minds, so that a new view, once rejected, becomes not merely accepted, but taken for granted by that unconscious or instinctive self that is the mainspring of most human action taken in the mass. Speaking of the once world-wide prevalence of the belief in witchcraft, he reminds us that no ten-year-old boy of our time "thinks it likely that an old woman would or could change herself into a cow or a goat."

"You say it is the instinct of the boy. But the instinct of the seventeenth-century boy (like the learning of the seventeenth-century judge) taught him the exact reverse. Something has happened; what is it? We know, of course, that it is the unconscious application on the part of the boy, of the inductive method of reasoning (of which he has never heard, and could not define), and the general attitude of mind towards phenomena which comes of that habit. He forms by reasoning correctly (on the promptings of parents, nurses, and teachers) about a few simple facts — which impress him by their visibility and tangibility — a working hypothesis of how things happen in the world, which, while not infallibly applied — while, indeed, often landing the boy into mistakes — is far more trustworthy as a rule than that formed by the learned judge reasoning incorrectly from an immense number of facts."

It is just this slowly-moving but in the end irresistible force which works all the great transformations of common opinion, which casts long-accepted views into the rubbish-heap, and makes each new generation wonder how on earth the earlier one could have held to its prejudices and absurdities with a straight face. It is the agency before which the walls of feudalism went down, at whose attack the principle of ecclesiastical authority crumbled, and the spirit of democracy triumphed over the spirit of subservience to absolutism.

"Norman Angell," as is well known, has directed his efforts to an attack upon the fallacies that have hitherto supported warfare, and particularly the warfare that is waged for conquest. Wars for the enlargement of a nation's territorial area have long been condemned in the forum of morals; it is the aim of the author of "The Great Illusion" to show that they are also to be condemned in the forum of reason. He maintains the thesis that no nation can really profit by even a victorious war upon its neighbors, and the cold logic which he brings to the support of this contention is cogent and convincing. In the long run, what is gained by such a triumph as that of Japan over Russia, or such victories as Germany's spoliation of the Danish and French provinces, or Russia's crushing of the liberties of Finland, or the atrocity of the partition of Poland? Such things are not even of immediate material benefit, when the balance of profit and loss is fully made up, and they leave running sores in the international body politic, bequeathing to after generations a legacy of wrongs that can be righted only by other wars.

"Just as Galileo knew that the real justification of his attempt to correct prevailing error was not a trivial point as to the exact place or shape of the planet on which we live, but the right understanding of the physical universe, its laws and nature, so do we know that our case is bound up with the destruction of misconceptions which distort and falsify the fundamental principles on which human society is based and incidentally render insoluble those problems on behalf of the solution of which force is generally most readily invoked."

"The power of destruction serves no purpose at all." This is the gauntlet boldly flung in the faces of the advocates of militarism, and the principle is defended, not by the sentimental plea of which too much is heard in the controversy, but by an array of argument from analogy, from actual experience, from basic economic principle, which is well-nigh incontrovertible. "The idea that the struggle between nations is a part of the evolutionary law of man's advance involves a profound misapplication of the biological analogy. The warlike nations do not inherit the earth; they represent the decaying human element." And yet the mad rivalry of armaments goes blindly on, plunging the people of the most advanced countries every year into deeper poverty and more appalling social distress, and all because men will not look the question square in the face, and weigh the enormous sacrifice of human welfare thus certainly entailed against whatever probabilities there may be of sacrifice from a condition of unpreparedness from some contingency which has perhaps one chance in ten of actually arising. "When the forts of folly fall," and the delusion of militarism is at last cleared away, how the world will wonder that it ever gained such a hold on men's minds, and that the nations so long submitted to its tyranny. Even in our own country, so long happily free from its obsession, it has placed us in its bondage, and exacts increasing tribute every year from our substance. The essay which is our present text is an open letter "to the American student," and it is to him, before his mind becomes sealed by prejudice and false pride, that the most effective appeal may be made. All our hope

for the future is in the young people who in our schools and colleges are now trying to puzzle out the meaning of life, and if we can keep their vision clear, the coming generation may witness the "main" flooding in, "through creeks and inlets making." There are many indications that the dykes have about reached their breaking-point, indications that increase in number and significance as every year goes by, and, despite the bristling array of weapons now turned against the cause of pacificism, it is making its way with constantly gathering energy. The "yawp" of the frenzied politician and publicist has lost much of its power to frighten us, and the bogey which it evokes is seen more and more clearly as a mere scarecrow. The civilized world is slowly groping its way toward organic unity of purpose; rivalry is giving way to coöperative action; and the motives that precipitate nations headlong into conflict are visibly becoming weaker. In this connection a word must be said for the American Association for International Conciliation whose pamphlet publications (one of which has supplied the material for our present remarks), represent a high order of ability in exposition and argument, and are obtainable without price by all who wish to have a share in the promotion of the victories of peace.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.

One of the most important literary movements of the last century was found in the efforts, made in various parts of Europe, to revive for literary uses the languages—some of them dialects, and others more sharply differentiated from the orthodox forms—which survived on the lips of the people, but which were in danger of becoming extinct through lack of preservation in print. Instances in point are the Provençal, the Platt-Deutsch, the Norwegian Landsmaal, and the Gaelic. The natural history of the mind rightly regards the loss of such forms of speech as a calamity analogous to that of the extinction of the bison, the passenger pigeon, the great auk, or the dodo in the animal kingdom. They should be preserved, not to compete with the normal types of language, but to throw light upon them, and to perpetuate beauties that the latter do not exemplify. The most remarkable and successful of these efforts is that of the Félibrige, the society organized in the fifties to keep alive the ancient *langue d'oc*, which once had almost as good a chance of becoming the orthodox literary speech of Frenchmen as the northern form which finally left its rival far behind in the race. The central figure in this Provençal revival was that of Frédéric Mistral, whose death at Marseilles, on the twenty-fifth of last month, leaves a gap in the literary world that will not easily be filled. Mistral lived to his eighty-fourth year, and was one of the last of the great race of nineteenth-century artists for which the twentieth century thus far shows no signs of providing substitutes. He was the leading spirit in the Provençal movement, although such men as Jasmin and Roumanille must not go unmentioned in this connection, and when the Nobel prize for 1904 was shared by him with Echegaray, in accordance with its policy of rewarding veteran service to letters rather than of encouraging new promise, it was universally felt that the distinction was deserved. Born of peasant stock in 1830, Mistral had the routine school education, followed by the study of the law. An enthusiasm for Virgil led him to translate one of the eclogues while a boy, and suggested to him the hope of becoming the Virgil of his own people. This hope was realized when, in 1859, he published "Miréio," that marvellous rustic epic of Provençal life. This was followed by other long poems: "Calendau" in 1867, "Nerto" in 1884, and "Lou Poèmo dou Rouse" in 1897. Mistral also wrote "Lis Isclo d'or," a collection of shorter pieces; a play, "La Rèino Juno"; and "Lou Trésor dou Félibrige," a collection of proverbs and legends illustrating the speech and folk-lore of the south of France. The great poem, "Miréio," is well known to English readers through the beautiful version of Harriet Waters Preston, who has almost made of it an English classic. Music-lovers know the story part of it through Gounod's opera "Mireille." America has done much to spread Mistral's fame, notably by the translation just mentioned, and by the labors of the late Thomas A. Janvier, who was a devoted Félibre, and wrote much about the activities of the society. Nor should we forget to mention Longfellow, whose translation of a poem by Jasmin first brought the attention of the American public to the Provençal revival.

CASUAL COMMENT.

Slipshod English is acknowledged to be one of the most considerable by-products, if not indeed one of the main products, of our educational system. The faulty writing of college students and college graduates has become a reproach and a taunt unto the teachers of English composition. At Harvard an expert has for some time been engaged in searching for the causes of so much inability to express thought clearly and correctly on paper, and his report is awaited with interest. In the April "Harper's Magazine" Professor Canby of Yale writes with force and feeling on this sad defect in the culture of so many of those supposed to be liberally educated, as well as in the preparatory equipment of entering college students. He well says that "words indicate the man," and that "the power to write well shows intellect, and measures, if not its profundity, at least the stage of its development." At

the same time he believes that good literary expression can be taught; for "writing, like skating, or sailing a ship, has its especial methods, its especial technique, even as it has its especial medium, words, and the larger unities of expression. The laws which govern it are simple. They are always in intimate connection with the thought behind, and worthless without it, but they can be taught." The best methods of this instruction, the times and the seasons for it, form the subject of further remarks and suggestions from Professor Canby. It is a refreshment to follow his well-considered and scholarly discourse, so correctly and luminously unfolded; but more than one reader is likely to receive a perceptible shock when the writer permits himself, not once but twice, to use a certain hardly defensible and surely most uncalled-for colloquialism. Let us quote the two instances: "It would be a comfort to blame it all on the school; . . ." "Again, it would be easy to blame much of the slipshod writing of the undergraduate upon the standards set by the grown-ups outside the colleges." The writer of this present comment well remembers the amusement and the parental reproof evoked, a third of a century ago, by a juvenile indulgence in the unclassical idiom illustrated in the foregoing. Why is it not just as easy, as well as less open to censure, to lay the blame for an error on a person as to blame it on him? And finally, but without undue insistence, may it not be as well, in a serious and scholarly essay, to let "grown-ups" give place to the less questionable and at the same time shorter and equally expressive "adults"?

* * *

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIBRARY SCHOOLS are commonly placed in the last quarter of the nineteenth century; but the diligent and scholarly Dr. Richardson, of the Princeton University Library, pushes these beginnings back to a time some five thousand years earlier; and if instruction in the keeping of tally sticks, for instance, or knotted strings, or scratched bits of stone, is to be considered as teaching in library economy, one may consent to go all the way with Dr. Richardson in his burrowings into the prehistoric past as illustrative of primeval practice in that department of education wherein Mr. Dewey is generally regarded as the pioneer. In his recent book, "The Beginnings of Libraries," the Princeton librarian asserts that the germs of the modern library school are to be found "in the schools of the Scriptoria of the middle ages, where librarians made as well as kept their books, and in the temple schools of Greece and Egypt, where men were trained to all sorts of professions, including the keeping of books. Such schools are alleged in Babylonia as early as 3200 B. C., and more primitive still must be counted the schools for the training in memorizing of ancient India. That some analogies to this training in the keeping of books existed in the collections of mnemonic books is not merely inferred in general but found in the alleged training of keepers of quipus in the use and publication of these records. The same is possibly true in some of the initiation ceremonies of primitive tribes where the young men are presumably taught the use of message sticks, secret languages, and the like. It may fairly be said that these are remote in nature as well as in time, and yet they are as truly the predecessors of the library schools of to-day, as these of to-day are of the library schools of to-morrow, which are likely to differ very considerably from those of to-day." Five or six thousand years hence will some scholar-librarian be searching the records of the past and trying to convince incredulous readers that at Albany on the Hudson there existed, as early as the nineteenth century A. D., an institution that might, without undue violence to language, be called a library school?

* * *

THE HUMOR OF HENRY JAMES, SENIOR, gentle and scholarly, cheerful and kindly, is delightfully presented in certain passages of his son and namesake's latest book, reviewed on another page. In their school days the four James brothers were frequently embarrassed, on being questioned by their playmates as to their father's occupation, at not being able to say exactly what it was; and the boy Henry was on one occasion filled with envy of a comrade who was in a position to make the proud announcement that his father was "in the business of a stevedore"—fine and mysterious word. Some such imposing term must be found for the hitherto so lamentably nondescript occupation of the envious youngster's father; but to all appeals that unsatisfactory parent, with great apparent enjoyment of the situation, put off the petitioners with strange and unheard-of attributions that would have made them ridiculous to their school-fellows. His "say I'm a philosopher, say I'm a seeker for truth, say I'm a lover of my kind, say I'm an author of books if you like; or, best of all, just say I'm a student," helped his offspring but very little toward a solution of the perplexing problem. "Abject it certainly appeared," now writes the author-son, "to be reduced to the 'student' plea; and I must have lacked even the confidence of my brother Bob, who, challenged, in my hearing and the usual way, was ready not only with the fact that our parent 'wrote,' but with the further fact that he had written *Lectures and Miscellanies James.*" A letter to a friend, Mrs. Caroline Tappan, from this lover of his kind and seeker for truth, we find beginning in this fashion, not unsuggestive of a much more famous humorist: "My dear Carry—Are you a carry*atid* that you consider yourself bound to uphold that Lenox edifice through the cold winter as well as the hot summer? Why don't you come to town?"

* * *

TENDENCIES AND ACHIEVEMENTS IN CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN LITERATURE are well summarized in an article recently contributed to "La Revista de America" (published at Paris), by Señor Alfonso Reyes, son of the late General Reyes. Unlike laws, arts are not silent amid the clash of arms. Wars

and poems, romances, pictures, and statues are as coincident as sun spots and meteorological phenomena. The Latin-American Republics, particularly Mexico and Cuba, have been in a state of political agitation or eruption for years. And these national birth-throes seem to have resulted in a great deal of literary expression. Poetry seems to predominate in recent Mexican literature, as is natural in a nation struggling under great stress. The reign of the novel usually arrives in the piping times of peace. Among the poets briefly reviewed by Señor Reyes are Urbina, Diaz Mirón, Julio Ruelas, Jesus Valenzuela, Manuel José Orthón, Rafael López, Manuel de la Parra, Eduardo Colin, and Roberto Argüelles Bringas. Among prose writers and critics, Señor Reyes cites Pedro Henriquez Ureña, whose influence he declares to have been incalculable, and Alfonso Craviolo, representative of the true literary feeling in prose. In philosophy there are named Gomez Robelo and Antonio Caso; and for the novel there is a champion in Carlos Gonzàles Peña. Señor Reyes claims that Mexican literature has widened its horizon of late years; that it no longer holds exclusively to French traditions and standards; that the younger men reflect the influence of some of our North American writers — Poe, Mr. Henry James, and Mrs. Edith Wharton. We own we should like to see more of a blending together of, and mutual admiration between, the Americas in literature; though of course racial instinct is a stronger power than geographical contiguity. Señor Arturo de Carricarte, in his literary articles in "El Figaro" of Havana, seems to be working to effect such an affiliation, though all the while championing the claims of Latin-American authors to place and appreciation.

* * *

How to get books to the bookless, who are counted even in this enlightened country by the tens of millions, is the present important problem with those engaged in the publishing and the selling of books. The still young but already vigorous Publishers' Coöperative Bureau is now investigating existing conditions with a view to the adoption of methods that shall increase the sale of their wares. In this broad land of ours only one person in about seven thousand three hundred buys a new book in the course of a year. The record in Great Britain is reported as approximately one in three thousand eight hundred, the same in France, and what seems to be a much better record in Germany and Japan (where, however, many pamphlets are classed as books), while in Switzerland there is the very creditable showing of one in eight hundred seventy-two. Obviously, and as is maintained by the Coöperative Bureau's manager, in many parts and over large areas of our country not even the surface of book-selling possibilities has been scratched. Some more thorough-going method of book-distribution, as Edward Everett Hale long ago declared, is what the book-trade especially needs. It is significant that our book-production fell from 12,470 to 10,903 in the two years following 1910, and even last year the figure had not quite risen to that of 1910. Of course the necessity for judicious advertising is here apparent, and there are a multitude of other details to be considered. An early report from the Bureau, which has been investigating this whole question, is expected. Then perhaps we shall know more definitely why, among a people so rapidly growing in number and so devoted to the cause of education, the sale of books shows no corresponding vigor.

* * *

A reader's hint to innkeepers who wish to increase the attractiveness of their hostelries, and thereby add to their revenue, is given in the correspondence columns of the London "Book Monthly." The adoption of the suggestion might not contribute to the greater comfort of a Falstaff taking his ease at his inn, but it is conceivable that to a Shenstone it might render still warmer that "warmest welcome" celebrated in the familiar quatrain. The words of the correspondent, who signs himself "A Travelled Reader," are in part as follows: "I am perfectly certain that an hotel would have an added attractiveness for many people if it were known that it contained a decent library, with really readable books instead of hoary old 'yellow-backs' and still more hoary works on subjects in which nobody is interested whatever. I would not compel an hotel manager to read books, but I would point out that it is to his interest to have in the house books which the quiet customer, who is always the best customer, would regard as friends. You will say that these ideas, if they are not exactly Utopian, are raw — and that is true; but every idea is a raw idea before somebody has reduced it to a successful state of cooking." Not so raw, after all, on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Arnold Bennett's pleased surprise at finding in a certain Boston hotel an excellent library with its own printed catalogue found expression in his late book on what he saw and heard in the United States. But it is true enough that this Boston innkeeper's praiseworthy example has not yet been followed by many of his fellows even in this land of libraries, while in other countries such an addition to a hotel's equipment has scarcely been dreamt of.

* * *

The luxury of rhetoric is indulged in, more or less, by most of us. A good mouth-filling oath is the plain man's not infrequent testimony to the relief which language will sometimes bring to a state of mental or emotional tension. "*Rien ne soulage comme la rhétorique*," declared a French master of the telling phrase; and a conspicuous example of the rhetorician addicted to unrestrained indulgence in elaborate and vivid phraseology in our own tongue is, of course, the sage who preached the virtues of silence. When he was in the throes of literary composition he grumbled and groaned, orally and in his letters, over the gigantic obstacles to progress that he encountered; and when he had no book on hand he was in even more wretched plight. "Nevertheless, be complaint far from us,"

he writes in characteristic vein to his brother Alexander. "I am far sadder and gloomier of mind than I used to be; but ought not to say that I am to be called unhappy,—on the contrary rather. This wretched blockhead and beggar of a world can now do nothing for me, nothing against me; . . . All is going (as you too feel) into unspeakable downbreak; and must either *re*-make itself on a truer basis, or die forever:—in either case with long misery and agony, sad to contemplate." To Augustus Hare he bewailed in splendid rhetoric the hardship of his lot in having to endure the din of the metropolis. "That which the world torments me in most is the awful confusion of noise. It is the devil's own infernal din all the blessed day long, confounding God's works and his creatures—a truly awful hell-like combination, and worst of all is a railway whistle, like the screech of ten thousand cats, and every cat of them all as big as a cathedral." But no compelling force obliged him to live nearly half a century, as he did, in the heart of this uproar. What wealth of epithet should we not have had from his lips and pen had he lived to hear the honk of the motor-car, the screech of the electric tram rounding a sharp curve, and all the other ear-splitting inventions in the way of noise that the twentieth century has produced!

• • •

ONE WAY TO PRAISE A POET, a cheap and obvious way, is to belittle his rivals. Censure Homer for his occasional nodding, and you thereby enhance the renown of Virgil—or imagine you do. In the closing years of the last century William Vaughn Moody and those other gifted ones with whom he associated at Cambridge decided among themselves that Tennyson lacked the spirit of true poetry; and condemnation of a poet of Tennyson's fame must carry with it a certain sense, innocent and harmless enough, to be sure, of elation and superiority in the censor. At a recent Chicago banquet of poets, the guest of honor, Mr. William Butler Yeats, took occasion to pay tribute to a brother poet, Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, in this wise: "I address Mr. Lindsay because I have read his 'General Booth Enters Heaven,' and in it I recognize the work of a brother poet. Before there can be great poetry in any country the poets must be humble and simple. The reason many of us have revolted against Tennyson is that he is too ornate. Paul Verlaine, whom I saw in my youth, told me that he could not translate Tennyson because he was too 'English'; when he should have been bowed down with grief he stopped for reminiscence. Mr. Lindsay speaks the simple language of the humble people. He is a truth-speaker." Why make invidious comparisons when it is sufficient to point out differences? There are diversities of poetic gifts, but the same spirit.

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ANTIPODEAN LIBRARY ACTIVITIES acquire for us a certain peculiar interest from their very remoteness in geographical location. In the latest number that has reached us of that enterprising trilingual periodical, "The Library Miscellany," of Baroda, we find in the section devoted to India (and printed in English) the following: "At the suggestion of Mr. Govindbhai H. Desai, Subah of Kadi Division, the Kadi Agriculturists' Association have organized a travelling exhibition of agricultural implements. The Library Department has coöperated by sending an assistant who delivers lectures on library topics and social and moral questions. An assistant from the Visual Instruction Branch, with a 'Kok' cinema, sets of stereoscopes and stereographs, is also deputed." Do we see here the Oriental adoption of an American idea? Another item may for more reasons than one prove interesting. "Mrs. Billious [one almost wishes the compositor had inverted the *u*], the widow of Mr. Billious, a Jew merchant of Howrah, has declared her intention of making over to the Howrah Municipality her palatial residence with about 150 bighas of beautifully laid out garden situated in the heart of the town, to be utilized as a public library. The deed of gift will take effect after her death. The property is worth five lakhs of rupees." And will the institution thus generously provided for be known as the Billious Public Library?

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THE DEATH OF AN ACCOMPLISHED GREEK SCHOLAR, such as Rufus B. Richardson showed himself to be, is occasion for peculiar regret in these days of lessening regard for such scholarship. Theological studies seem to have claimed his devotion in earlier life, his academic course at Yale having been followed by three years at the Yale Divinity School and further studies of the same nature at the University of Berlin. But in 1880, at the sufficiently mature age of thirty-five, he accepted the chair of Greek at Indiana University, whence he was called to a like professorship at Dartmouth two years later. There he remained until 1893, when he was appointed Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, a post that he held for ten years. In his later retirement at Woodstock, Conn., he occupied himself chiefly with writing and study. He was the author of many periodical contributions on archæological and classical subjects, and also of the books, "Vacation Days in Greece," "Greece through the Stereoscope," and "History of Greek Sculpture." Æschines's "Oration against Ctesiphon" was edited by him while he was at Dartmouth. He was born at Westford, Mass., April 18, 1845, and died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., March 10, of this year.

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LOCAL TALENT IN THE LIBRARY is commonly preferred to imported. It is pleasant to deal with an assistant whom one has known for years; it is sometimes embarrassing to go with one's questions and complaints to an entire stranger behind the delivery desk or in the reference room. Moreover, tax-payers like to see their money circulate among their own people, and not drained off by outsiders. Something may be read between the lines, as well as in the lines, of the announcement of the Cali-

fornia Board of Library Examiners, printed in the current issue of "News Notes of California Libraries," to the effect that "for the present no examinations will be given outside the State, for many reasons: (1) Experience has shown that only persons who have lived in the State and have done library work in a way to gain personal knowledge of California conditions really understand the county free library plan for California. The aim of the examination is to see how thorough the applicant's knowledge is of the conditions under which the county free library work must be carried on, and of the problems to be met in the work as it is actually being done in this State. A real and sympathetic understanding of the work in California is thus absolutely necessary. (2) The members of the Board feel that the oral examination is very important. They feel that they cannot fairly judge of an applicant's qualifications without meeting him in this way."

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A PROPOSED GIFT TO THE HARVARD LIBRARY comprises nearly three thousand volumes of Mormon literature collected by a Salt Lake City business man and now offered for sale, as a whole, at two dollars and fifty cents a volume. Secretary Roger Pierce, of the Harvard Alumni Association, is urging the Utah graduates of the university to furnish the money necessary to secure this collection, and to let it find shelter in the splendid library building now rising on the site of Gore Hall. That Mormonism possesses so large a body of literature as twenty-eight hundred volumes (the number given in the current report) will be news to many. The claim that this is the best collection of the sort in the West is not likely to be contested. Although the Mormon Church wishes to buy five hundred volumes of the collection to complete its own library, the owner prefers to sell the whole lot at once.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"HIGH-BROW."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A young woman was speaking to me the other day of one who held her, as I knew, to be the best and truest of friends, a well-tried and trusted companion. And as she talked she exclaimed, laughing the while: "O, but you know, he 's such a dreadful high-brow!" I fear no words will suffice for expressing the regret with which these thoughtless words filled me, and yet I cannot resist making the attempt. For the attitude here suggested — how frequently does one meet with it, and how far-reaching is the real and serious havoc which it plays with the best tendencies and aspirations of our life!

The reference was to a youth, brought up in an atmosphere of plain thinking and high living, who had yet managed, despite his parents, despite the environment and authorities of his preparatory school and his fashionable college, to maintain an instinctive love of the best that life affords. He held, with the good Montaigne, that "it is not enough to join learning and knowledge to the mind, it should be incorporated into it: it must not be sprinkled, but dyed with it; and if it change not and better her estate (which is imperfect) it were much better to leave it." And living under the shadow of such wise counsel, he was, though young, already on a fair way to attaining that ripeness of just estimation, that mild sufficiency of mind, which appertains only to him who has to good purpose spent his years in loving contemplation of the heights of human effort. Withal he was no self-conceited prig, formidably strutting his little way about the earth; but he was of an excellent catholicity of judgment, fulfilled of too much wisdom either wholly to condemn the prejudices and excesses of the vulgar, or to approve the rigors of the puritanical. In fine, this youth was learned and yet not a pedant, virtuous and yet tolerant, seriously disposed and yet gifted with a ready sense of humor, and, with whatever failures and haltings by the way, yet in all his actions and in all his thoughts he was

> "Fain to know golden things, fain to grow wise,
> Fain to achieve the secret of fair souls."

And of him, as of Cowley, it could be said: "His learning sat exceedingly close and handsomely upon him: it was not embossed on his mind, but enamelled."

This, then, is the type of man of whom it was said, "O, but you know, he is such a dreadful high-brow!" If this were a solitary instance it would still be deplorable, but it is more than that. The recollection of everyone will rise up in confirmation of the belief that it is typical, the type and norm of an attitude that prevails with the vast majority of Americans. These (and the fact is so well recognized that it passes for commonplace and excites no comment) use constantly our quoted expression to indicate a certain light and nonchalant contempt for all that is best in human endeavor, for all that is worthiest in human thought. Lightly and almost without reproof do our friends, and often enough even our relatives, thus betray their feelings as to man's all too wavering but yet never ending search for rounded perfection.

Surely we are in no danger of making, as the phrase goes, mountains out of mole-hills in our serious deprecation of this general attitude. For it is more than a betrayal of meanness,— meanness of life and ignorance in thought,— on the part of the countless many who hold to it; it is more than a tacit confession of complacent slothfulness, of self-satisfied frittering away of mind and the moral fibre that makes for character. It is in all this a sign of our disbelief in that fundamentally important thing, right reason, as an efficacious guide in the conduct of individual life, and as a preëminent necessity for any real greatness of national life. But beyond and behind all this it is a subtle indictment, coming out of the mouths of those who are its typical fruit, of our present mode of life. "It 's a free country," we hear it said. And again, "There 's no accounting for difference in taste." Here, perhaps, are the secrets of our national loss of dignity and poise, our pursuit of — well, it may not be the worst in literature, but at all events the mediocre, our disbelief in intellect and in the importance of rigorous intellectual discipline. For by freedom we mean freedom to do as we please, forgetting that it means, in a government constituted as ours is, above all things a grave responsibility. And therefrom springs our precious maxim regarding taste. In this connection we use the word with a very wide latitude indeed, applying it to many things which are really not

matters of taste at all, but primarily matters for the exercise of sober and measured judgment. In other words, we have, in so far as we might (and we are busy even now attempting to extend the boundaries), banished authority from our lives.

Perhaps the fact is sufficiently known; it is rather one of the results of this process that we are here concerned with. Just what the result is, we have been at the pains of seeing; but perhaps it is not so plain that our light-hearted contempt for intelligence is really a result of our mode of life. Freedom, however, as we know, means freedom to do as we please; and that an instinctive love of the best is not the inheritance of most of us, we know from our national attitude towards right reason. Then, too, our mischievous saying about taste, as if there never had been such a thing as an educated taste or a cultivated taste, gives us an added justification for what we already regard as the axiomatic first law of our being — the freedom to conduct our lives as superficially or as ignorantly as we choose. I, for example, am as "good" as anybody else in this broad land, and my opinion is as "good" as anybody else's. So there is not — and how can there be? — any popular or widespread respect for the rigorous pursuit of the best that life affords. We have deceived ourselves into believing that in our most ordinary moments, in our instinctive feelings, in our most ignorant phases of thought, we are "good enough." And of all this the result is (certainly it is plainly enough a *result* by now) that we as a nation are not merely neglectful of the best in human thought, the highest in human endeavor, but we are complacently contemptuous of those strenuous paths which lead us towards, though never quite to, a rounded perfection of mind and soul. Surely, then, it is high time for us to undertake a little inward searching of our hearts: for us to come to some sort of a realization that right reason is of the utmost necessity for controlling any life that is to be truly good, and that there can be no real test of worth save it be centred in authority, — the authority of the trained judgment of the wisest and the best.

R. S.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 21, 1914.

MR. COTTERILL'S "ANCIENT GREECE."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While thanking you for the friendly notice of my "Ancient Greece" that appeared in your issue of March 1, I should be much obliged if you would allow me to answer publicly the allegation of your reviewer that I "ignore the temple of Demeter at Paestum" and "call the Poseidon temple simply Paestum." If he will look at p. 215 and 216 *n.* he will see that I speak of "the great Paestum temple," by which of course is meant the Poseidon temple; and on p. 217 he will see that I speak also of the Demeter temple and the "Basilica"; and on p. 454 he will find a description of all three Paestum temples and the remark that the Demeter temple is a "splendid ruin." It seems almost as if he had not observed that at the end of my book there is an Appendix that gives an account of all the finest Greek temples.

It comes rather as a surprise to be told that I am ignorant of, or ignore, the existence of a splendid ruin my acquaintance with which was made some forty-three years ago, at a time when the delights of a visit to Paestum were enhanced by the possibility of encountering brigands — to judge from the fact that the *diligenza* had been robbed by these gentry only a few days previously.

As for *mutules* and *guttae*, perhaps I should have been a little more explicit; but surely it is justifiable to intimate that the band or bracket adorned with globules (i. e., the *mutulus* adorned with *guttae*) constitutes a group of ornaments representing raindrops; and I find a similar expression in Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities," viz., "sets of drops, called *mutules*."

In regard to the "Corinthian order," I was aware that some have banished it as a mere variety of the Ionic. I knew also that Ruskin, on the contrary, asserts that there never was, and never "till dooms-day" could be, any order *except* the Doric (convex capital) and the Corinthian (concave). But I did not think it necessary to enter into polemics on the subject. Perhaps, however, I may here add that I regard what some writers call the "æsthetic appeal" of the Corinthian order as specifically different from that of the Ionic.

Lastly, Syracuse and Hyblaean Megara are certainly not in the "southwestern corner" of Sicily; but seeing that a few lines later (p. 118) Selinus is also put in the S. W., and seeing that a map faces the text and puts everything in its proper quarter, perhaps it might have been fairer not to have stigmatized a venial *lapsus calami* as an "inaccuracy."

H. B. COTTERILL.

Freiburg, Br., Germany, March 16, 1914.

PIONEER LIBRARY LEGISLATION IN ILLINOIS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A sentence in your "Briefer Mention" in the issue of February 16 has just come to my notice: "In referring to library legislation in Illinois he [Mr. Samuel Swett Green] might well have supplemented his mention of F. H. Hild's name in that connection by noting the earlier and more important work of another Illinois librarian, who drafted the library bill of 1872 and was instrumental in procuring its passage."

Why not give the name of this librarian who did this "earlier and more important work"?

Dr. Samuel Willard, who died about a year ago at the age of ninety-one, was the founder of free libraries in Illinois, drawing up the bill providing for them and arguing for its passage. He established the Public Library of Springfield at that time, the first library under the new law.

Dr. Willard came to Chicago in 1870 to teach history in the one high school in the city of that day, and continued twenty-seven years in the service. Few instructors have done more for Chicago than he did in sending forth class after class inspired with the love of study for its own sake and of good reading for the joy and satisfaction it bestows.

SARAH W. HIESTAND.

Chicago, March 19, 1914.

[The paternity of the Illinois library law seems to be subject to dispute. Our reference was to Mr. E. S. Willcox, veteran librarian of the Peoria Public Library. His work in connection with the law passed in 1872 was fully described in the Peoria "Journal" of May 19, 1895; and the article has been reprinted in a leaflet obtainable from Mr. Willcox, who refers all doubters to "the House Journal of 1871" for verification of statements made in the leaflet.—EDITOR THE DIAL.]

The New Books.

Glimpses of a Gifted Family.*

Fulfilling the promise of his earlier autobiographic volume, "A Small Boy and Others," Mr. Henry James now gives to his readers, in "Notes of a Son and Brother," those fuller memorials of the late William James that have been awaited with no little eagerness, and at the same time draws in considerable detail the portrait of his gifted father, with less elaborate delineations of the other members of this extremely interesting family, and passing glimpses of many more or less famous persons outside the domestic circle but of some intimate association with the writer or his household. The period covered by the narrative is more particularly the decade between 1860 and 1870, with some backward glances at a remoter past, and a few incidental references to later years.

After an experiment of five years and a half of Europe in search of the right environment and atmosphere for his own and his children's intellectual and spiritual well-being, the elder Henry James returned with his family to America and there continued the endless quest for ideal conditions. New York and Newport and finally Cambridge seem to have found most favor with him, and it is in Cambridge that the closing years of the decade referred to see him somewhat contentedly and fixedly settled, with his eldest son at last on the way to that choice of a calling in which he was later to distinguish himself, and the next oldest tasting the delights of some little literary success and dreaming of greater achievement to come. The immediate and deciding cause of the family's repatriation seems to have been William's temporary passion for painting and his father's decision to place him under the instruction of the prospectively famous artist whom a few bold and vivid strokes thus picture to the mind's eye in the pages before us:

"William Hunt, all muscular spareness and brownness and absence of waste, all flagrant physiognomy, brave bony arch of handsome nose, upwardness of strong eyebrow and glare, almost, of eyes that both recognised and wondered, strained eyes that played over questions as if they were objects and objects as if they were questions, might have stood, to the life, for Don Quixote, if we could associate with that hero a far-spreading beard already a little grizzled, a manner and range of gesture and broken form of discourse that was like a restless reference to a palette and that seemed to take for granted, all about, canvases and models and charming, amusing things, the 'tremendously interesting' in the seen bit or caught moment, and the general unsayability, in comparison, of anything else. He never would have perched, it must be added, on Rosinante—he was fonder of horses than of the method of Couture, and though with a shade of resemblance, as all simple and imaginative men have, to the knight of La Mancha, he least suggested that analogy as he passed in a spinning buggy, his beard flying, behind a favorite trotter."

Under Hunt's tuition, and with John La Farge as sole fellow-pupil, William James for a brief space applied himself with characteristic whole-heartedness to the development of his unmistakable talent for graphic art. A pencil portrait of himself, prefixed as frontispiece to the book under review, and other specimens of his facility as draughtsman elsewhere in the volume, notably his pen-and-ink sketches in letters reproduced in facsimile, show a liveliness and originality that for the moment almost induce regret at his having so soon forsaken art for other pursuits. What his brother, always his admirer and repeatedly representing himself to us as his humble imitator, has to say in this connection is worth quoting:

"He at a given moment, which came quite early, as completely ceased to ply his pencil as he had in his younger time earnestly and curiously exercised it; and this constitutes exactly the interest of his case. No stroke of it that I have recovered but illustrates his aptitude for drawing, his possible real mastery of the art that was yet, in the light of other interests, so utterly to drop from him; and the example is rare of being so finely capable only to become so indifferent."

Always master of the given situation, as the writer says of him, "whatever he played with or worked at entered at once into his intelligence, his talk, his humour, as with the action of coloring-matter dropped into water or that of the turning-on of a light within a window." Still again, and with engaging modesty on the younger brother's part, it is said of William: "Whatever he might happen to be doing made him so interesting about it, and indeed, with the quickest concomitance, about everything else, that what I probably most did, all the while, was but to pick up, and to the effect not a bit of starving but quite of filling myself, the crumbs of his feast and the echoes of his life." The indulgent father's attitude toward such rapid changes of bent as showed themselves in his eldest son is finely described in the book. Calmly philosophical, with abundance of tolerance and an enviable cheerfulness, he evidently believed in allowing his children free scope for the development of such germs of genius, of whatever sort, as might discover themselves. Even the following of mistaken promptings

*Notes of a Son and Brother. By Henry James. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

he seems to have regarded as educationally beneficial, so that his son says of him:

"I am not sure indeed that the kind of personal history most appealing to my father would not have been some kind that should fairly proceed by mistakes, mistakes more human, more associational, less angular, less hard for others, that is exemplary for them (since righteousness, as mostly understood, was in our parent's view, I think, the cruellest thing in the world) than straight and smug and declared felicities. . . . He had a manner of his own of appreciating failure, or of not at least piously rejoicing in displayed moral, intellectual, or even material economies, which, had it not been that his humanity, his generosity and, for the most part, his gaiety, were always, at the worst, consistent, might sometimes have left us with our small savings, our little exhibitions and complacencies, rather on our hands. As the case stood I find myself thinking of our life in those years as profiting greatly for animation and curiosity by the interest he shed for us on the whole side of the human scene usually held least interesting—the element, the appearance, of waste which plays there such a part and into which he could read under provocation so much character and colour and charm, so many implications of the fine and worthy, that, since the art of missing or of failing, or of otherwise going astray, did after all in his hands escape becoming either a matter of real example or of absolute precept, enlarged not a little our field and our categories of appreciation and perception."

The father's favorite adjective when he wished to express disapproval, in his mild fashion, of a restless son's abandonment of one pursuit for another, was "narrowing." Each of the eldest son's successive shiftings from art to chemistry, then to anatomy and physiology and medicine, later to psychology and philosophy, was held by him to be narrowing; and, again, when the second son turned to writing, "it was breathed upon me," says the one thus mildly censured, "with the finest bewildering eloquence, with a power of suggestion in truth which I fairly now count it a gain to have felt play over me, that this too was narrowing." One queries whether any concentration of energy whatever would have commended itself to this large-minded father as free from narrowness.

Perhaps it was the fear of narrowing their view and cramping their minds that made the elder James look with disfavor upon a college education for his sons, his own memories of Union College in its beginning years not being of the most roseate hue imaginable. At any rate, a picturesquely miscellaneous and decidedly spasmodic course seems to have been followed in the studies of the early-expatriated children; and perhaps such desultoriness and variety and so great freedom of election were best in this instance. After the return to America, William, soon forsaking art for science, entered the Lawrence Scientific School and later the Harvard Medical School, while his next younger brother, shaping his course somewhat after the elder's example, as was his wont, betook himself likewise to Cambridge and attended lectures at the Harvard Law School, where both he and the reader wonder at beholding him going with mechanical regularity to listen to teachings that had not the slightest interest for him. But the Cambridge life brought him into pleasant and helpful relations with scholars and writers of note, and recollections of these quickening influences furnish much readable matter for his present book. Charles Eliot Norton and the long book-lined library at Shady Hill were not the least of these important factors in the stimulating of his literary genius. He speaks with reminiscent rapture of one beautiful morning when he went out to Shady Hill and, "to the accompaniment of a thrill the most ineffable, an agitation that, as I recapture it, affects me as never exceeded in all my life for fineness," drank "to the lees the offered cup of editorial sweetness — none ever again to be more delicately mixed." The occasion of this intoxicating experience is thus described:

"I had addressed in trembling hope my first fond attempt at literary criticism to Charles Eliot Norton, who had lately, and with the highest, brightest competence, come to the rescue of the North American Review, submerged in a stale tradition and gasping for life, and he had not only published it in his very next number — the interval for me of breathless brevity — but had expressed the liveliest further hospitality, the gage of which was thus at once his welcome to me at home. I was to grow fond of regarding as a positive consecration to letters that half-hour in the long library at Shady Hill, where the winter sunshine touched serene bookshelves and arrayed pictures, the whole embrowned composition of objects in my view, with I know not what golden light of promise, what assurance of things to come: there was to be nothing exactly like it later on — the conditions of perfect rightness for a certain fresh felicity, certain decisive pressures of the spring, *can* occur, it would seem, but once."

Of other Cambridge celebrities recalled by the author, and of notable persons elsewhere that lend interest and variety to his pages, there is here no room to speak. Of his emotions at the outbreak of our Civil War, and his longings to be a participant in the conflict in which his two younger brothers acquitted themselves honorably, but from which physical frailty excluded him, he has considerable to say. In short, there is a wealth of matter in the book, presented with all the elaborate artistry dear to Mr. James's readers, that renders it a remarkable piece of autobiography and one of the most notable works of the season. Its style, that of

the author at his most characteristic — some would say, at his best, others, perhaps, at his worst — is a wonder and a delight to the reader fond of intricacy, of delicate shadings, of occasional tangled involutions.

The book's illustrations, from the hand of the versatile William James, add to its interest.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

NEW LIGHT ON THE CIVIL WAR.*

Two years ago at Oxford University an American History Lectureship was established, — an outcome of the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation. This lectureship, providing for a course of lectures each year, was inaugurated in 1912 by Mr. James Ford Rhodes. In 1913, Mr. Charles Francis Adams was invited to give the second series. These addresses, delivered in the Spring term of last year, are now issued under the title, "Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity." The title does not explain itself, and only illustrates again Mr. Adams's penchant for the striking enigmatic phrase that piques the curiosity of the reader.

Previously to leaving for Europe, Mr. Adams discussed the subjects of his forthcoming lectures with his friend Mr. Bryce, explaining that he proposed to present to his Oxford audience certain events and phases of the Civil War, and to examine these from a novel point of view. He hoped to present a new picture, and in so doing to justify certain new conclusions. To his surprise, Mr. Bryce failed to express sympathetic accord with the plan, and in friendly but none the less assured fashion warned the lecturer that the American Civil War was not now vital history at Oxford; that it was quite hopeless to expect to revive interest in a subject which had left no imprint upon England or the outside world, — a subject, in a word, so essentially and narrowly American as was our great conflict of the sixties. Conceding the deep and stirring impression the war made upon England at the time, Mr. Bryce still maintained that for England to-day the subject is but "remotely historical."

The assurance that the present day Oxford student was certain to regard the Civil War as a dead issue, failed to deter Mr. Adams from undertaking the subject, and led him to defend with greater earnestness his positive contention that the Civil War in America, far from being a mere domestic contest between North and South, was in reality a world-event of momentous importance, whose influence and results were felt, and still are felt, in England and all Europe. Hence the title, — which affirms so emphatically the permanent and world-wide historical significance of the Civil War.

The four lectures in the volume are as follows: I., Principia; II., The Confederate Cotton Campaign, Lancashire, 1861–62; III., Dis Aliter Visum; IV., A Great Historical Character and Vae Victis. The first lecture treats of the growing differences between the two sections of the United States, based upon a differing interpretation of the Constitution and differing economic conditions, and analyzes for the British listener the relation between State and National sovereignty. For Mr. Adams's audience, this subject was absolutely vital to a correct understanding of his later lectures.

The second and third lectures, however, offer matter of the first importance for American as well as British readers, for in them we find valuable material and suggestions now for the first time given to the public. Mr. Adams is the first historian to estimate properly, or to emphasize adequately, the Lancashire Cotton Famine in its intimate relation to the English-American diplomacy of the period. Again, he is first in an exact analysis of forces for and against the North in England; and last, and perhaps most acutely interesting of all his offerings, is his microscopic study of the inner workings of the British Cabinet, and the accurate balancing of men and measures in their official attitude toward the crisis in America. If these lectures were notable in no other particular, they would claim a most respectful hearing because of the new light they shed upon these three subjects. The Cotton Famine in its bearing upon the war has long been overlooked or underestimated by historians; sources of British popular opinion upon the Civil War have not been known or investigated; while materials for an accurate knowledge of the processes of British official action have, until now, not been available.

As viewed by Mr. Adams, the real crisis of the Civil War came in England, rather than in any military movements or series of events in this country. Had official England decreed intervention, recognized the Confederacy, broken the blockade, and made the Southern cause her own, it is certain that history would have been differently written. No more serious menace to Northern arms could be conceived than British

* TRANS-ATLANTIC HISTORICAL SOLIDARITY. By Charles Francis Adams. New York: Oxford University Press.

interference in behalf of the South, and Mr. Adams clearly shows by how narrow a margin that danger was averted. He analyzes the forces effective in English government and policy, and among the English people, as overwhelmingly in favor of the South.

"In aid of the defiant, slave-holding Confederacy came, first, the great British and Continental commercial, financial, and cotton-spinning interests, with their far-reaching political influence; next, the suffering textile operatives, not only of Lancashire but wherever throughout other countries cotton was woven into cloth — they numbered millions; third, the entire governing classes, as they then were, of Great Britain, including the great landed interest. These last also were voiced, and most persistently as well as powerfully voiced, by the London *Times*, known as 'The Thunderer,' at the acme of its great and memorable career. Finally, the French Emperor, for Napoleon III., now at the height of his prestige, for reasons of state to which I shall presently make brief reference, was disposed to put forth on behalf of the Confederacy all the influence he could exert. A powerful combination, it was one, in a worldly and political sense, wellnigh irresistible.

"Opposed to it was an array so apparently meagre as to be almost pitiable; and if the alliance of forces I have just described recalled Homer, that set over against it was not less suggestive biblically — it was David again confronting Goliath. Strange, wellnigh inconceivable, when now asserted in the full light of the event, that opposing array consisted simply of John Bright, the Tribune in Great Britain of Political and Industrial Democracy, and behind him 'a little bit of a woman,' as she at that time described herself, 'just as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff,' holding in her hand a book; but the woman was Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the book was entitled *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly*."

John Bright, then champion of Democracy and spokesman of the English people, together with Harriet Beecher Stowe, typifying the great anti-slavery sentiment of the nation, were the two great vital forces in England fighting for the North. Official opinion was forming; the Foreign Secretary had prepared a confidential Cabinet circular asking definite expression upon the American situation. The Prime Minister himself was distinctly favorable to intervention; and a special Cabinet meeting, called for October 23, 1862, was to put the Ministry finally on record. Previous historians have noted, as does Mr. Adams, that this Cabinet meeting was never held; and that later, on November 13, when France had suggested to England joint action looking toward intervention, England declined the offer. That on November 13 England should decline any participation in an intervention which, beyond a doubt, was practically scheduled but a very few weeks earlier, is surely surprising. This unexpected change in British policy has never been satisfactorily accounted for. Mr. Adams's explanation furnishes extremely interesting reading.

Briefly, Palmerston and Russell had agreed during September, 1862, that the moment for recognition of the South was at hand. Gladstone and other Cabinet members were aware of this opinion; and Gladstone, at least, had expressed his emphatic approval of the plan. So heartily was he in sympathy with the proposal, and so eager to bring it about, that he committed the now famous blunder of his Newcastle speech, and, upon October 7, proclaimed the Cabinet policy of intervention as practically assured. The announcement was premature; and Palmerston, between whom and Gladstone there was much friction, immediately seized upon his subordinate's officious announcement as a matter for public denial. It was promptly stated with Ministerial authority that Gladstone was in error. Thus, according to Mr. Adams, the momentous matter of intervention was postponed at the favorable moment. The Prime Minister deferred for the time all action looking toward intervention, but did so unquestionably with the expectation that within a "fortnight or a month" the subject would again be taken up and carried to its logical conclusion. He could not know that the matter, once deferred, was disposed of for all time; that the opportune moment which was essential to successful intervention had passed and could not be recalled. The Premier's postponement for the fortnight or month proved fatal to any action whatever.

"Within that space of time, as events then indicated, he confidently believed some definite military result would be reached in America. Under the vigorous lead of Lee and 'Stonewall' Jackson, the Confederate army might not improbably occupy Washington. And within the period assigned something did happen! — but not what the British Premier had anticipated. At just that critical juncture, and by the merest chance as to time, one of the great events of the nineteenth century took place in America. On September 22, while the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary were corresponding with a view to the immediate recognition of the slave-holding Confederacy, the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln had been made public. That African servitude was an issue in the American struggle could no longer be denied; the attitude of the national administration could not be ignored. From that time the success of the Union cause meant the freedom of the slave. A conflict of Titans, in the conflict, wholly regardless of the influence it would have on the immediate European situation, the quondam Illinois rail-splitter, by force of circumstances, and quite unconsciously to himself, became transfigured into a trans-Atlantic Jove, had launched an unmistakable thunderbolt.

"At first, in Europe, and more especially in Great Britain, the proclamation was not taken seriously; dazed, apparently, men seem in no way to have realized its import. On the contrary, it excited scorn and

derision. I have not time here to give sufficing passages from the speeches of British public men and the newspaper editorials of the period; though they to-day read curiously. I must confine myself to a few brief extracts. Mr. Beresford-Hope, for instance, a highly respectable member of Parliament, energetically characterized the proclamation as 'This slavish type of weak yet demoniacal spite, the most unparalleled last card ever played by a reckless gambler.' And a Mr. Peacock, the member for North Essex, at a great Conservative demonstration at Colchester towards the close of October, declared that if the proclamation was 'worth anything more than the paper on which it was inscribed, and if the four millions of blacks were really to be emancipated on January 1st (then two months only distant), we should be prepared to witness a carnage so bloody as that even the horrors of the Jacquerie and the massacres of Cawnpore would wax pale in comparison'— and so forth and so on. Furthermore, the proclamation, he declared, was 'one of the most devilish acts of fiendish malignity which the wickedness of man could ever have conceived.' And the London organ of the Confederacy spoke within limits when it declared that while 'every organ of a considerable party pronounced the edict infamous,' a 'similar opinion of it was entertained by every educated and nearly every uneducated Englishman.'

"Viewed in the cool, clear perspective of history and through the half-century vista of subsequent events, there is indeed now something distinctly humorous in the simple and honest, but altogether complete self-deception in which the 'educated' Englishman then nursed himself. What he really objected to, and for the best of reasons from his point of view, was the onward movement towards 'Democracy'— that he felt in the very marrow of his bones."

The favorable chance for intervention rested not so much upon American conditions as upon the attitude of the British public. And all the virulent speeches in condemnation of the Emancipation Proclamation to the contrary notwithstanding, the British public would never support the Government that should interfere to perpetuate the slave-holding Southern Confederacy. By the end of 1862, the democratic instinct of Great Britain, inspired by John Bright's assertion that the North was fighting the cause of Democracy, and thoroughly aroused by Lincoln's Proclamation, which also Bright applauded, had created upon the Government such pressure that, in spite of its inclination, it dared not consider any step that might bring it into conflict with the North. In these two chapters Mr. Adams opens new ground. The reader will be convinced that in the story of the Lancashire Cotton Campaign there is here sketched, for the first time adequately, the crisis of the Confederacy.

Upon the fourth lecture, "A Great Historical Character," it is unnecessary to comment. Mr. Adams's presentation of General Lee, and of the conditions at the close of the war, is broad and sympathetic, and is characterized by the same exhilarating directness and virility that mark the entire volume.

Since the publication of the present work, Mr. Adams has been extremely fortunate in acquiring additional material bearing upon the English Cabinet at this time. Some of this new material is incorporated in an amplification of the Oxford Lectures now in course of delivery at the Johns Hopkins University. In these lectures, which it has been the reviewer's privilege to hear, Mr. Adams makes it clear that his later findings materially alter certain conclusions in the present volume. Whether this latest gathering of new material from England is to appear in print as a result of the Baltimore Lectures, or whether it is to be reserved for later publication, the lecturer has not stated. In any case, historical students will look forward with eagerness to its appearance in print.

Here, then, are four wholly delightful lectures upon the Civil War. They discuss details of events and intricate steps of diplomatic procedure that might easily make dull or difficult reading, while much space is given to minute and painstaking analysis. But the lectures are wholly enlivening and stimulating. There is in each chapter a thread of narrative which holds the attention of even the casual reader; while for the student of the period, the volume is certain to be read with care and genuine satisfaction.

EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON.*

One has only to glance through the two volumes cited below to be deeply impressed with the part which London has played in our literature. A large number of English authors were born in London; many others sooner or later migrated to London; and the London backgrounds have always been most attractive to literary men. The thought of London as a microcosm has been familiar to us at least since Ackermann's time, more than a century ago. Here have always congregated those types dear to the heart of the novelist, the playwright, and the satirist — Pendennis, and Colonel Newcome, and Nigel Oliphant, and Micawber, and Sam Weller, and Sir Harry Wildair. It is some-

*THE BOOKLOVER'S LONDON. By A. St. John Adcock. With twenty illustrations by Frederick Adcock. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LONDON IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Percy H. Boynton. University of Chicago Press.

what surprising, then, that notwithstanding the large number of works on the antiquities of London, there should be few or none dealing generally with the literary atmosphere of the great city, or in which a comprehensive attempt is made to set forth the literary use made of the various streets and buildings and localities of what De Quincey called "the nation of London."

The two volumes before us in a way complement each other. Beginning with Chaucer's day, Mr. Boynton gives us a series of ten pictures of London, based as far as possible on contemporary evidence. He shows us the city of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, and Johnson, thus giving two chapters each to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; then he writes three chapters on the nineteenth century, and one on the twentieth; a justifiable proportion. Appended is a representative list of about fifty novels, with references to the parts of the city of which the authors treat. This list might have been considerably extended, but is good as far as it goes. Mr. Boynton's narrative of the development of the city is well balanced; and armed with his references, one can go on almost indefinitely reading about the city as it figures in drama and fiction. One must add with regret that the volume is disfigured by some bad misprints.

Mr. Adcock pursues a different plan. He is interested not in chronology or in topographical development, but in sentimental journeys to places peopled by the novelists. Going up Cornhill, for example, he recalls the fact that near by was

> "The court in which Scrooge, of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, had his home and business premises, and that coming from his bleak tank of an office one cutting, wintry night Scrooge's clerk, Bob Cratchit, was so carried away by the joyous spirit of the season that he 'went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honour of its being Christmas Eve'; and somehow Bob Cratchit became as real to me in that moment as were any of the obvious people swarming on the pavement around me."

He is not therefore concerned so much with where Shakespeare and Fielding and Gray and Thackeray lived and what they saw in walking through the streets; but he is deeply interested in the "Grecian" as being connected with Falstaff and Shallow, and in the "Bull and Gate" in Holborn, where Tom Jones put up on his first visit to London, and in the Charterhouse as the old school of the Newcomes, father and son, and of Pendennis. These men are for him the realities of life rather than are the authors of their being. And much as we may wish it otherwise, is there not truth in this view? Shakespeare is a shadowy figure at best, so shadowy that certain vandals have sought to deprive him of his fame and give it to Bacon or some other impossible person; but how real is Falstaff, and the young Henry V., and Richard III.! Thackeray, too, and Dickens will in time become mere names, except to the few who read their biographies; but Becky Sharp and David Copperfield and Sydney Carton will live for many generations.

This, then, is the point of view taken by Mr. Adcock. Acting as a cicerone, he takes us here and there through the city in a succession of walks, pointing out who in fiction have lived in this or that place, and how the scene has changed since their time. It is surprising how much he finds in every part of the city. Take, for example, South London. Passing down Borough High Street, we come to Lant Street, where Bob Sawyer, the medical student in "Pickwick," first encountered Sam Weller. Across stood the the King's Bench Prison, to which the officers brought Mr. Micawber from Windsor Terrace; and further down stood the Marshalsea, full of memories of Little Dorrit and her family. Then there is St. George's Church, of which William Halliday, in "The Orange Girl," was the organist. Round the corner of Horsemonger Lane, John Chivery, lover of Little Dorrit, had a tobacco business. Beyond Camberwell Green lived Wemmick and The Aged, in "Great Expectations." Mr. Adcock is not concerned with the fact that Browning was born in Camberwell — he might at least have referred to it,— but he knows that Nancy Lord of Gissing's "In the Year of Jubilee" lived in Grove Lane, and that Samuel Barmby lived in Cold Harbour Lane before he prospered and went to live in Dagmar Street. At Brixton, Osmond Waymark in Gissing's "The Unclassed" was a teacher. Vauxhall Station and Park recall the fact that Evelina used to go to the famous gardens, and that Boz described them. Lambeth is full of memories of Gissing's "Thyrza"; while Lambeth Marsh recalls the complaint of Luke in Massinger's "The City Madam" that his gentlemen apprentices wasted their time in its evil haunts. Bethlehem Hospital or Bedlam recalls Totty Nancarrow, who passed it on her way to St. George's. Hereabouts, too, the Gordon rioters in "Barnaby Rudge" used to gather. Finally, the Bankside recalls "The Bell of St. Paul's," to say nothing of the Elizabethan theatres.

Mr. Adcock's book would have been perhaps

less interesting but certainly more useful if he had omitted some of the long quotations and had included a full topographical index, in addition to the somewhat meagre general index which is provided.

Turning from these suggestive volumes to the city itself, it may be worth while for us to glance at the successive stages of London's growth as related to literature, noting some features on which Mr. Boynton has dwelt, and calling attention to some others. In the walled London of Chaucer's day, with its forty thousand inhabitants, the chief sights were the Bridge and old St. Paul's. The narrow, irregular streets, full of the smells of garbage and offal, were roughly paved with large stones, and were lined with small wooden houses. Morris's "London small and clean and white" scarcely existed except in romance. The various handicrafts were pretty well segregated. The rich preyed on the poor: a good picture of a poor man is seen in "London Lyckpeny" (which, by the way, is not by Lydgate: both our authors here follow a tradition no longer accepted among scholars). The religious life was much in evidence. Of Chaucer's twenty-nine pilgrims, ten had something to do with the church or the great orders; and all of them were performing a religious task.

When Shakespeare went to London in 1586, the population had increased to about a hundred thousand, and many houses now stood outside the walls. The city had become secularized; the religious orders had disappeared, and men, turning from morbidly anxious attempts to save their souls, had developed a deep interest in the affairs of the present world. As Mr. Boynton points out, this is well illustrated by the growth of the theatres, the performances in which now consumed much of the Londoners' time. Paul's Walk continued to be a chief rendezvous. Cheapside was unchanged. The Thames was a noble stream, an important highway for business and pleasure, on which some have estimated that forty thousand persons earned a living. There was such extravagance in food and dress that the cost of living must have been relatively very high; all of which sounds strangely modern.

The youthful Milton beheld the growth of Puritan opposition to the stage which resulted in the closing of the theatres for eighteen years. When they re-opened, conditions were, as Pepys remarks, "a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore." The Puritan restrictions upon conduct, as is well known, led to the most violent reaction. Mr. Boynton puts it mildly: "It is not too much to say that, under royal auspices, vice and vicious luxury have seldom flourished more arrogantly than at that time."

The Plague and the Fire changed the map of London. Although the old street lines were preserved, in four years a new city arose on the ashes of the old — a city on the whole far plainer and more severe than the old, relieved only by the noble architecture of Wren.

When Addison settled in London, the town had swallowed up forty-seven outlying villages, and had a population of three-fourths of a million. After the reckless profligacy of the Stuart times, London was inclined to sober down and reflect upon its ways, in which "The Spectator" helped. The great growths of the time were the coffee house, the club, and the periodical press; Mr. Boynton perceives also a new attitude of respect toward women.

By Johnson's time the territory of Southwark was almost as large as the City had been in Chaucer's day. "Between 1750 and 1765 new houses are said to have gone up at the rate of over a thousand a year." Yet though London was growing rapidly, it lost none of its charm.

> "Johnson explained that it was 'in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.' Boswell endorsed both himself and his subject when he said: 'The intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life, in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.' To Burke it was 'an endless addition of littleness to littleness,' yet 'clean, commodious, neat.' Gibbon, more candid, wrote: 'Never pretend to allure me by painting in odious colours the dust of London. I love the dust.' The great city was all things to all men, a center of learning, a well-spring of intellectual pleasures, a vast market, an assemblage of taverns, a breeder of strong men, a 'heaven upon earth.' Johnson, as usual, gives us the conclusion of the whole matter: 'No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.'"

One of the chief amusements of this very satisfactory city was gambling. Mr. Boynton recalls the fact that the British Museum was begun with a lottery whose sponsors were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and by means of which £100,000 were raised. At Almack's (later Brooks's) and other similar places play ran high. For other diversions one went to Vauxhall, reopened in 1732 after nineteen years of disuse; to Ranelagh, established in Chelsea in 1742; to Marylebone Gardens; or to Bagnigge Wells. Roystering and mob violence were much in evidence; the latter culminating, one may say, in the Gordon Riots, so vividly portrayed in "Barnaby Rudge."

In Lamb's time the City had become almost depopulated of residents—a London de-Londonized. Lamb himself frequented the district between Ludgate Circus and Charing Cross; while Byron, between 1808 and 1815, was to be found between Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. It is interesting to compare the impressions London made upon the two. For Lamb, the city was a never-failing source of delight, with its streets, markets, theatres, churches, its lamps, its coaches, its midnight cries of "Fire!" and "Stop thief!" its Inns of Court, its old book-stalls. Place by the side of this Don Juan's first sight of the city:

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head — and there is London Town!"

And this was typical of Byron's attitude toward London in general.

The London we see through Dickens's eyes was a grim one. Of course there were slums before Dickens's time; only they did not get into history and literature. Thackeray's London was naturally different. It "started with social position and used Bohemia as a background as naturally as Dickens's started with poverty and resorted to the West End only by way of contrast." Yet it was still an old-fashioned city,

"Untouched by the march of comfort. There were no telephones, nor telegraphs, nor railways above or below ground. There were no electric lights, nor motor busses, nor elevators; no department stores nor penny post. . . . Old cities are like old houses. You cannot introduce all the modern conveniences without changing the looks of things."

In the Victorian era the clubs came into full flower. Pall Mall is a creation chiefly of the reign of Victoria; so are many of the Government buildings. As a literary centre, Chelsea now assumes importance, with the Carlyles, Leigh Hunt, Rossetti, George Eliot, Swinburne, and Meredith. "There must have been abundant ozone in the Chelsea atmosphere." Yet the whole London atmosphere was stimulating.

"Seldom has there been deeper breathing, heartier joking, more uproarious laughter, or sterner invective. The general discontent that prevailed in Victorian London belonged to the spirit of the age, which was an age of transition. If the early century was troubled, as it surely was, it was by 'the cheerful trouble of change.' And if the adjustments which were incessantly taking place made more for chaos than order, it was because 'the creed of humanity was on its honeymoon.'"

Here let us take leave. With the London of tubes and motor busses and evening papers and luxurious hotels we will here have nothing to do. That belongs to the next century, for which the London of to-day will doubtless have the same charm which Johnson's London has for us.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

WOMAN AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.*

Whether we consider that ability for scientific research arose as a by-product of human evolution, or in some other way, it has become an asset of the first importance to our species. The history of nations and the experience of individuals alike indicate that prosperity and progress must come through new ways of utilizing inherent abilities, the discovery of self being the first step toward the discovery of the laws and potentialities of nature. It is probable that the most highly civilized nations of to-day resemble the steam engine in the small proportion of useful work done in comparison with the energy expended; so that the social problem, like that of the engineer, is one of conservation and utilization, of the avoidance of waste.

It is, therefore, extremely interesting to inquire whether the commonly received opinion, that women are less competent than men to engage in research, has any foundation in fact. The answer, if it can be found, is no longer a matter of mere sentimental interest, but involves the most practical considerations. Are we, through the organization of society, and in consequence of our customs and prejudices, preventing the development of an enormous amount of intellectual ability, which might be of incalculable value to our species? That this question is not inherently absurd, is shown by the history of science as cultivated by men: the long periods of stagnation and infertility, certainly due to nurture rather than to nature.

Dr. Mozans, in a work of over four hundred pages, seeks to show that women not only are able to engage in severe intellectual labor, but that they have done so in very numerous instances in the past, with the most brilliant results. He begins with a discussion of woman and education in ancient Greece, and after a short chapter on woman's capacity for scientific pursuits, describes in detail the achievements of women in mathe-

* WOMAN IN SCIENCE. With an Introductory Chapter on Woman's Long Struggle for Things of the Mind. By H. J. Mozans, Ph.D. With frontispiece. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

matics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, archæology, and invention. Then follows a chapter on women as inspirers and collaborators in science, and a final one on the future of women in science, with a summary of the argument. There is a good bibliography.

The author has been indefatigable in searching the records of the past, and has assembled a surprising amount of information. When, however, the reader has recovered from his first astonishment at the array of illustrious names, he is likely to reflect that after all, when these are spread out over the length of history and the breadth of civilization, they are as rare as comets in the sky. He is likely to note that one comparatively small volume is needed to recount the scientific deeds of women, whereas nobody would think of writing such a book on "Men in Science." In all probability, he will also remark on the extremely eulogistic phrases used to describe the women whose brief biographies are given, and recall that the usages of society have sanctioned every kind of gross exaggeration and flattery in descriptions of women by men. It will occur to him that the author has assiduously and quite uncritically collected all these sayings, with perhaps no better sense of humor than that of an historian who might endeavor to picture the personal appearance of Queen Elizabeth from the letters and addresses delivered to her during her lifetime.

All these reflections are obviously tinctured with ancient prejudice; we will not say masculine prejudice, for women are as likely to feel it as men. It does appear, however, that the author's narrative requires to be taken with a certain amount of salt, and especially to be supplemented by some other considerations. The book is rather weak where it might have been strong, in its treatment of the woman of to-day. There are two rather distinct questions involved: whether women in general are intellectually inferior to men, and whether it is possible for women to exhibit very high mental powers. The latter point must certainly be conceded, even if we temper the glowing pages of history, and confine ourselves to the most authentic cases. Everything Dr. Mozans has recorded might be literally true, and yet it might be true that the female sex was appreciably inferior to the male in intellectual powers, taken as a whole. Dr. Mozans, in his concluding chapter, suggests that the sexes have substantially equal powers, but men, as Etienne Lamy said, prefer analysis, women synthesis. My own judgment, after teaching both men and women for many years, is that not even this difference exists. As a matter of fact, when I have men and women undergraduates in the same class, the women *always* average better, generally considerably better, than the men. This no more proves that the female sex is inherently superior, than the reverse is proved by the arguments one often hears. The reasons for this state of affairs are complicated; but college women have on the whole fewer outside activities than the men, and are not so likely to be taken up with purely "professional" courses. It is also probable, since the women at college are in a minority, that they represent a more selected group. John must go to the university, to get ready for law, or medicine, or what not; but it is not worth while to spend money on Mary unless she is clever. In some cases, I believe that women gain an advantage from the way they approach intellectual subjects. The boy, mixing with other boys, has acquired certain active prejudices; the girl, coming into contact with a new world of thought, naïvely appreciates things more nearly according to their real merits. Some people call this "feminine intuition"; but is it not rather lack of social inhibition?

Dr. Mozans remarks on the multitudes of unmarried women,—necessary multitudes, because of the numerical excess of their sex in civilized countries. Why should not they be contributing to the advancement of knowledge? It is, however, extremely undesirable to hinder the ablest women from getting married, and equally undesirable to leave scientific research in the hands of any but the able. Madame Curie is said to be an expert on babies as well as on radium; and when we have discarded some hoary notions, and have found really educated husbands for our brilliant women, it will probably not appear that marriage is a fatal obstacle to scientific activity. Dr. Mozans does not so consider it, of course; but we protest against the idea of presenting to a young woman the alternatives of science *or* marriage, as may easily be done with the best intentions. It is not long ago since university fellows were required to remain celibate; and very good arguments can be adduced in favor of this rule, until we begin to look at things in a larger way.

Among men and women, there will arise a certain number of individuals endowed with such remarkable powers that they become exceptions to ordinary rules, and require special environments. If a teacher finds one such during a lifetime, he is fortunate, and it is his duty to

do everything in his power to bring about the fruition of so rare a plant, throwing all considerations of time and academic technicalities to the winds. He is, however, mainly and essentially concerned with the normal person of good ability, who should lead a normal life, and contribute his share to the progress of the world. I believe it is perfectly practicable for the majority of such people, let us say a fourth or a sixth of the adult population, to serve at least as privates in the intellectual army, and in the course of a lifetime to make positive contributions to human thought or knowledge. It is doubtless possible for a very much larger number to have intellectual interests of some kind, though not actually engaged in consecutive work. This means a great extension of "amateur" activities, and a great increase in general culture; not only fruitful in itself, but furnishing a public well able to appreciate and utilize the greater labors of the genius. So far as history and experience show, there is absolutely no reason why women should not share equally with men the glories of such a renaissance.

T. D. A. Cockerell.

Evolution of Household Decoration.*

Thirty years ago when Oscar Wilde came to America, he hastened to tell us what he thought of our houses. Most of them, he said, were "illy designed, decorated shabbily and in bad taste, filled with furniture that was not honestly made and was out of character." At first we were indignant; when we had calmed down a bit and looked about us, we found the charges to be true; then we said to each other, "What can we do about it?" Soon came individual efforts at reform, and later, magazine articles and books pointing out the ways we should go.

Now we have arrived at a stage where publishers' lists show a somewhat appalling array of books on household decoration. These books are of wide appeal, since there are few persons who do not at some time in their lives plan to build or to furnish a home. During the reign of the ugly, now commonly known as the mid-Victorian period, the whole business of house decoration was turned over to the professional decorator; the theory being that, given money enough, he could and would evolve beauty. For people without money the case was hopeless, and beauty in the home out of the question. But we have now renounced that belief; though we accept hints from the professionals, we have discovered that no home is really beautiful unless it expresses, to some extent at least, the individuality of the family that occupies it. We know better than anyone else our own desires, our own limitations, and what minor things we are willing to sacrifice in order to secure our chief wants. Fortunately, the money side of the question has faded into comparative insignificance. So many beautiful patterns and colors are now offered in inexpensive fabrics, so many charming designs in simple but graceful and honest furniture, that even the household of limited purse need not despair. In what we refrain from buying, quite as much as in what we buy, do we proclaim the quality of our taste.

This means that household decoration, like all art, requires education in its fundamental principles. While good taste comes more naturally to some persons than to others, there are few who do not need a certain amount of training,—at least enough to save them from the dictum of the decorator or the follies of the faddist. A right and necessary use of books on the subject is apparent here. If we want an eighteenth century house (and it happens that there is a growing revival of fondness for eighteenth century work) let us by all means consult the English books devoted to this period. But the number of people who build their own houses is very small compared with those who live in houses or apartments built for them by others; to adapt and furnish to their own taste these ready-made habitations is the main concern of the large majority.

While the character of the house must of course dominate the situation in considerable part, it cannot be allowed to do so entirely. All the conditions of modern life have changed so completely in the last two decades, that a house older than that presents a very stubborn face. Suites of gilded and high-ceiled rooms in which the more formal etiquette of an earlier day delighted are quite out of key with the mood of the "tired business man" in his American home or apartment. What he and his family want is something as far removed as possible from artificiality and affectation; to banish the old traditions and to create the proper atmosphere in the modern home are the chief aims in our new art of house decoration. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find in the three recently-

* Home Furnishing. By George Leland Hunter. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

The House as Home. By Mrs. Arthur Stallard. Illustrated. New York: James Pott & Co.

The House in Good Taste. By Elsie de Wolfe. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

published books on the subject, with which we have here to deal, an emphatic refusal to remain imitative and an earnest effort to become creative.

Moreover, many new appliances of science call for a new art in their use. Electricity has come to supplant the candles, lamps, and gas of the earlier times; hence arise entirely new problems in residence illumination. Comparatively little attention has been given to this problem by illuminating engineers, their efforts having been concentrated on the larger and more lucrative contracts for commercial and public buildings. Our new books wisely devote considerable space to the subject of lighting fixtures. In Mr. Hunter's volume occurs this instructive passage:

"Light is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is not only beautiful in itself, but upon it depends the beauty of all beautiful objects. Without light they might as well be nonexistent. Carefully to conceal light sources is deliberately to abandon the greatest decorative possibilities. The work of the illuminating artist is to place and so shade the lights correctly that they glow with gentle, grateful radiance. . . . I cannot sufficiently emphasize the difference that exists between the simple rooms in light colors and the elaborate rooms in dark colors. The latter take from two to five times as much light without being satisfactorily illuminated. . . . Frosted bulbs are one of the most blessed inventions of the age. They absorb 10 or 15 per cent of the light, but increase the amount of effective illumination. With 85 per cent of the light, the eye can see better than it could with 100 per cent. For the burning of the eye by the filament closes the pupil and makes it inefficient. Frosting also tones the light slightly toward the cream."

In Mr. Hunter's comments on the subject of rugs, tapestries, draperies, etc., we find much valuable counsel. Best of all is a chapter of good sense on a subject so long treated with open abuse or silent contempt by writers on interior decoration, — the subject of carpets covering the whole floor.

"Many persons undoubtedly use rugs where carpeting would be much more attractive decoratively as well as much more comfortable. . . . The more I think about carpets and carpeting, the less defense they seem to need. The vacuum cleaner removed any objection that could be made against them as dust collectors. And the fact that they do collect and hold the dust instead of leaving it to float loose in the air every time a door or a window is opened, is a strong argument in their favor as well as in favor of textiles generally. . . . Certainly, in halls and on stairways and especially in dining-rooms they are not only more comfortable but they are often more decorative. Rugs break up a room and make it look smaller, carpets pull it together and give the maximum appearance of size. A long, narrow hall looks much better proportioned with a full carpeting than with a runner."

Had Mr. Hunter been a housekeeper he might well have added that nothing has done so much to bring about the unhappy state which now obtains in domestic service as the supplanting of carpets by rugs and hardwood floors. The daily care of these doubles the work even in a small house.

Of the other books before us, it may be said that their essential difference is well indicated in their respective titles, "The House as Home" and "The House in Good Taste." The first-named is by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Arthur Stallard, whose qualifications are suggested by her certificates and diplomas from schools of art and of cookery. Her book goes into much detail concerning such subjects as kitchens, basements, stores, cookery, children, servants, etc. It is illustrated by twenty-four plates from photographs by the author, mainly views in her own home; but these are so commonplace as to detract from the book rather than add to it. The text is more convincing than the pictures.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe's volume wil be likely to attract considerable attention, not only because the writer is well known as a professional decorator, but because her publishers have made such a beautiful book of it. Moreover, Miss de Wolfe writes in an easy and intimate way, telling of what she has herself done in reconstructing three old houses for her own use, — two in New York City and one in Versailles, France. All of these houses she adapted for exclusively feminine occupancy, — though the writer need hardly have mentioned that fact, for in all three cases the details show most of the features that the average man most detests. Miss de Wolfe remarks in her opening pages: "Men are forever guests in our homes, no matter how much happiness they may find there. . . . Man conceived the great house with its parade rooms, its *grands appartements*, but woman found eternal parade tiresome, and planned for herself little retreats, rooms small enough for comfort and intimacy." Granting these premises (which the present reviewer by no means can do), the book contains many feasible and artistic suggestions. One of the best chapters is that on "The Effective Use of Color." Has not the time come when we are ready to hear a strong plea for more color in our houses? Are we not all a little tired of neutral backgrounds, patternless wall-papers, grey paint, etc.? Futurism, Cubism, Synchromism, clamoring to be recognized as art, have many sins to answer for; but they serve one good purpose, at least, in calling anew our attention to the glory that lies in color. The fact that strong tints are now so generally demanded in pictures, wall papers

and costumes, seems to indicate that we are at the beginning of an age of color.

The boast of the nineteenth century home was that it made prompt use of the latest discoveries and inventions of science; perhaps we of the twentieth century may yet boast that we are making good use of art, especially in the place where it has been neglected longest — the decoration of the home.

ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN.

STRINDBERG IN ENGLISH.*

"The new American literature gave his skepticism an unexpected support, about the time when he took up newspaper work. American humorists began to be translated and seem to have struck some highstrung chords in the hearts of his contemporaries. The public accepted their jokes as jokes, but Johan took them seriously — for they were serious. They treated and analyzed everything from a modern standpoint, and, consequently, everything was bosh! The American's sense for the real had discovered the real import of life in the struggle for existence; purified from all hallucinations, all ideals, and all romanticism, he understood the relative nothingness of life and the absolute nothingness of heaven, and he smiled a broad smile at the whole old civilization. Neither rank, nor greatness, nor talent, nor wealth could fool him into admiration; nothing old, nothing of the past, inspired him with reverence. Napoleon and Washington, Michael Angelo and Beecher Stowe were treated as saloon cronies; revolution and reaction, reformation and renaissance were movements only, whether forward or backward did n't matter; neither the subjugated woman nor the subjugated negro drew tears from anybody; the newspaper press, from which these authors had emanated, was treated with the same contempt as any other business; dogmas and art theories, contributions to the lynch laws, were taken all in a lump; no regard for personality existed; the faith in court justice and the love for the common weal were blown away to be replaced by the pocket revolver. It was the portent of that anarchy of thought which was to burst forth later on, it was the balance sheet of the old view of the world, the beginning of the demolition."

This passage from August Strindberg's autobiography is significant and to American readers interesting. It shows one of the sources from which grew the spirit of "The Red Room." The foundation was laid long before: when the boy found that he could not win his mother's love; when he was punished for a theft of which he was not guilty, while his aunt, who was the real culprit, calmly sat by. Another stone was laid when he walked the streets of Upsala with a backgammon box under his arm, trying to find a friend who would help him to kill the time which he, without books and without money, could not spend in study; and again, in Stockholm, when he did not know where he should get food for the next day; finally, when the masterpiece of his youth, "Master Olof," was refused by the Royal Dramatic Theatre. Hence the motto which he placed on the title-page of "The Red Room": "Rien n'est si désagréable que d'être pendu obscurément,"—which motto the translator of the English edition, probably not understanding its significance, has omitted. "When I get to be thirty I will write a novel," he used to say in his younger days. When his friends asked what the book would be about, he answered: "We 'll see when the time comes." When the time came he wrote "The Red Room." It is a large social canvas in which the author shows society in cross sections, its tendencies, its main figurants. He had discovered Dickens, and here he had found his form. But when the book appeared everybody cried "Zola!" "L'assommoir" had just appeared in a Swedish translation; and though there is nothing in Strindberg's book that could be traced to the French author, the spirit of revolt was evident in both works, and was recognized by the champions of the existing order. Strindberg had as yet read nothing by Zola. But now he began to read the Frenchman's works, and found that he was superseded; the other had already said all that he wanted to say. Strindberg then returned to his "learned idiocies," and began to delve in the archives and libraries. The result was an historical work, "The Swedish People," heterodox as everything he wrote; heterodox then,—but now the others have caught up with him!

In 1884 appeared the book which should make August Strindberg's name known far and wide: 'Giftas," i. e., "To Marry,"—not "Married," as all the stories are not of married life, but all deal with the problem of marriage.* Of this book the author himself says: "He went to work with his book on marriage with much sympathy and much old-fashioned reverence for the mother, and he had his ears full of talk about the subjugation of woman;

*THE RED ROOM. By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MARRIED. Stories of Married Life. Containing also the tragicomedy, "Creditors." By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CONFESSION OF A FOOL. By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

BY THE OPEN SEA. By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

ON THE SEABOARD. A Novel of the Baltic Islands. By August Strindberg. Translated by Elizabeth Clarke Westergren. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

THE INFERNO. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ZONES OF THE SPIRIT. A Book of Thoughts by August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Arthur Babillotte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN MIDSUMMER DAYS, and Other Tales. By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

AUGUST STRINDBERG: THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT. Studies and Impressions. By L. Lind-af-Hageby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Third series. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

*Strindberg had actually considered the title, "Married Folks," but instead selected "To Marry," for the above-mentioned reason.

himself one of the subjugated, he wished to think out and experiment with means to save her and all others that were oppressed." After he had written some of the stories he stopped to look over what he had written. The result was not what he had expected. He lived at this time with his family in a *pension* in Switzerland, a house full of women whom he met "at every meal, between meals and everywhere, idle, pretentious, pleasure-seeking." Then he wonders where the husband might be, and "discovers the supporter of the family." In the preface to the first collection, the sociological viewpoint which ruled Strindberg is very clearly brought out. Here he criticises Ibsen, who in "A Doll's House" has "described an exceptional case and made it stand for a universal idea." And he shows how the ideal of womanhood has changed with the generations. The ideal of the eighteenth century is not the same as that of the middle of the nineteenth.

"To remove the woman question now, under present conditions, from its connection with other problems is impossible, to attempt it dangerous. Woman's desire for liberation is the same as man's unruly strife for freedom. Let us therefore emancipate the men from their prejudices and the women will also be liberated. But towards this goal we must work together, as friends, not as enemies."

To quote from Strindberg's programme for the liberation of woman which follows this passage would be interesting and instructive, but space forbids. It should be read in its totality. This whole preface has, however, been suppressed by the translator. Nor will the reader of the English version realize that the volume consists of two collections of stories, written at different times, and the second in a quite different spirit from the first. This is emphasized in the original by the preface to the second collection, which the translator has also suppressed. Without these prefaces, and with no distinction between the two original collections, and further with some of the more significant stories omitted, the present volume presents a distortion of the original that should not have been allowed to be printed*; the more so as the translation itself is on the whole unsatisfactory.

However, the "prize" is taken by the translation of "Tjänstekvinnans Son," — "The Son of a Servant," as the English version has it, or "The Servantgirl's Son," as a more faithful translation would read. That the translator has only a limited knowledge of Swedish is very clear, or he would not have translated "gå i vägen" as "go in the street" instead of "get in the way"; he would not have translated "kryddkrämaren" as "shipping agent" instead of "grocer"; he would not have made the man servant of the General walk about in "skull-cap and large hedge-scissors" instead of helmet and saber! All this may be found on the first page. In addition to making a miserable translation, Mr. Claud Field has taken the liberty of omitting the first three paragraphs, which give the historical and social setting to the book. One may hope that this translator will refrain from attempting the remaining three parts of Strindberg's great autobiography; it is quite enough that he has spoiled the first part, which, with its most interesting story of the life of a boy and youth of unusual sensitiveness, will always command a high place in the autobiographical literature of the nineteenth century, and which should have been given to the English-speaking public in something like a faithful and spirited rendering.

* That the translator has added one more to the translations already existing of "Creditors" and tacked it on to this volume of stories gives the whole a rather commercial aspect.

We may be permitted here to correct a statement in Mr. Edwin Björkman's "Voices of Tomorrow," where he says that Strindberg's mother was "a barmaid who had brought three children into the world before her relations to their father was legitimized by marriage." Strindberg's mother was never a bar-maid; she was waitress in a restaurant, and later his father's housekeeper and what we would call his common-law wife. The union was legitimized a few months before August Strindberg's birth. He was not a welcome child, and was always conscious of this fact. Still, he always felt tied to the mother with the strongest of ties. Before he was ten years old he and his older brother were sent to the country to a sort of summer boarding school. The steamer has left Stockholm and is far out on the Baltic. He cannot return home; and in loneliness he thinks of his mother.

"He sees her picture before him, serious, mild, smiling. He hears her last words: 'Be obedient and polite to everybody; be careful about your clothes, and do not forget to say your prayers.' He thinks of how disobedient he has been toward her, and wonders whether she is ill. Her picture appears purified, transfigured, and draws him on with longing's never-breaking ties. This longing and loneliness after the mother followed him through life. Had he come too early to this world? Was he an abortive? What held him so tied to the mother trunk?"

In "The Confession of a Fool," Strindberg gives his own version of his first marriage. How much of this version is true, how much based on a diseased imagination, it is difficult to say. That there was a substantial basis for his accusation against his first wife is probably true; but it is no less true that he imagined much that had no foundation in fact. But whether true or not, he believed it to be true, and suffered from his imaginings as much as from the actual reality. The book was written in French, but a German translation appeared in 1893, —a year before the French original was printed. No authorized Swedish edition has ever been published, though a spurious one from the German appeared serially in a Stockholm weekly in spite of the author's protest. The book will, however, be included in Strindberg's collected works now in course of publication. But no matter how revolting some parts of the story are, the book cannot fail to make a deep impression as explaining much that would otherwise seem puzzling in the author's writings, and it must awaken a deep sympathy for him. To a man who has suffered as Strindberg

suffered during the last years of his first marriage, much may be forgiven. Besides, the book is written with a force which carries the reader away as does, perhaps, no other work by this author.

During his sojourn in Switzerland in the middle of the eighties, Strindberg had been imbued with socialistic ideas, which found in his mind a fertile soil. He never lost his sympathy for the down-trodden or his interest in socialism; but there came at one time a reaction from the enthusiasm with which he had embraced the socialistic tenets. One outcome of this individualistic swing of the pendulum was the novel "I havsbandet," of which two translations have appeared: "By the Open Sea" and "On the Seaboard,"—the former, like the other translations under consideration, by an English translator, the latter by an American. There is more than a touch of Nietzsche in the delineation of the chief character, Axel Borg, the Inspector of Fisheries,—neither "Fish Commissioner" as the American translator has it, nor "Superintendent of Fisheries," according to the English. Strindberg had been in correspondence with Nietzsche for a short time in the later eighties, not long before Nietzsche's final collapse; and the correspondence has recently been printed in a German literary journal. It is as a conversation between Die Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn! Axel Borg is the superman who is above the rest of humanity, a sort of scientific Sherlock Holmes. He finally succumbs because the delicate machinery of his brain and nerves is unable to withstand the double pressure of sexual excitement and intellectual loneliness.

After the dissolution of his first marriage, Strindberg lived for some years in high tension, during which he produced a number of short dramas, essays, and sketches,—the former of a rather misogynic character, the latter gradually culminating in a sort of scientific mysticism. In the meanwhile, he married for the second time, and after a couple of years this marriage also was dissolved. About this time, Strindberg went through the experience which he has so faithfully described in "The Inferno." During this period, most of which he spent in Paris, he was as near to real insanity as is possible without actually overstepping the bounds of reason; that he did not overstep these bounds, but still held his mind under control, is shown by his narration of what he went through, probably on the basis of minute diaries. During this period Strindberg experienced one of his many religious crises,—the last one,—and he came out of it not only a theist, but a believer in every word in the Bible, though not as an orthodox in the usually accepted meaning of the word. He said later that, in order to be able to hold himself upright, he found that he must have an infallible authority, outside of himself to lean upon, and he took the Bible, which he chose to accept as true in its smallest details. The three stout volumes published in 1907 and 1908 under the title, "En Blå Bok," are a curious manifestation of this spiritual development. Portions of the first two volumes are now translated under the title, "Zones of the Spirit," and make very curious reading. They form a collection of jottings, notes, studies in little, reflections on science, denunciations of modern science and philology. Most of them have a distinct interest as human documents, but others have not even that much interest.

The volume of collected tales published in English under the title of the one placed first, "In Midsummer Days" (in Swedish called simply "Sagor"), is, like too much of Strindberg's later production, uneven. Some of the stories are quite commonplace; others, for instance, "Half a Sheet of Foolscap,"* and "The Story of St. Gotthard," are among the finest he has written.

All of these books, with the exception of "Zones of the Spirit" and some of the tales, belong in their original form to the most forceful productions of modern workmanship in the Swedish language. But the translations! There are parts of "The Confession of a Fool" and of "The Inferno" where one is reminded of Strindberg's language; but in general the renderings are flat,—when they are not worse. This is hardly to be wondered at. Strindberg is one of the most individual and therefore one of the most trying authors for the translator. It is probably not yet time for a uniform edition of a selection of Strindberg's work in English. When the time comes, it would be well to take the existing translations and place them in the hands of an editorial board of persons who know both languages and represent both literary skill and philological learning. With such a board, but scarcely in any other way, will it be possible to get an adequate rendering of August Strindberg's writings in English.

The question will of course arise, *Cui bono?* Is it all worth while? If it were only for the enrichment of the language by characteristic and necessarily unconventional phrases, the rendering of the spoken language in printed form, the gain would be great. But also as a contribution to literature, the literature of power, it would be more than worth while. Because a study of Strindberg's writings and the remarkable thread of self-revelation that runs through all he has written will help men better to understand themselves and the hidden motives that guide their thoughts and actions. As no modern literature now is complete without a rendering of Ibsen and Nietzsche, so will the time surely come when a knowledge of Strindberg will be regarded as necessary by anyone who lays claim to a many-sided intellectual equipment.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby's excellent and interesting study should contribute to a deeper understanding of Strindberg's life and writings,—in his case the two are interwoven as with few writers. Strindberg wrote, if anyone did, with his heart's blood. There

* Why "foolscap"? The original title is "Half a Sheet of *Paper*."

is little in his writings that was not experienced by him, and there is nothing that has not been felt by him just as deeply as if it had been part of his own life.

Mr. and Mrs. Oland have added a third volume to their series of translations of Strindberg's dramatic writings, containing three plays from his later years,—all three touched by his peculiar mysticism: "Advent," with the dark mysticism of the Inferno-year; "Swan-white," in a lighter vein, like the fairy play it is; "The Storm," with the spirit of old age hovering over the scene. These translators, the one a Swede, the other an American, have succeeded better than others in giving not only a faithful, but a spirited, rendering of Strindberg in something like his own language.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and art in the late 19th century.

Persons who open Mr. Holbrook Jackson's new book of essays, "The Eighteen Nineties" (Kennerley), anticipating merely a lively account of "purple patches," too-amorous minor poetry, *fin de siècle* epigrams, and decadent "yellowness" in art and letters,—readers cherishing such anticipations are doomed to disappointment. Mr. Jackson is too serious a critic to devote himself to fripperies. He is attracted to the last decade of the nineteenth century because, like the ends of many centuries, it was a big, vital, dramatic epoch. To be sure, its bigness often bedizened itself in bizarre and tawdry trappings. Its splendid vitality was sometimes splendidly misdirected. Its dramatic fervor, its zest for novelty, its eagerness to taste life, led to inevitable indiscretions, indigestion and remorse, due to its having tasted more life than was good for it. But one should not, on this account, Mr. Jackson thinks, over-emphasize *fin de siècle* decadence, or set up Aubrey Beardsley as the type of the period. Beardsley's strange exotic genius was but one expression of the questing spirit of the time. He challenged the world for individual freedom. Oscar Wilde, writing "The Soul of Man under Socialism," showed himself awake to the equally novel and equally insistent demand for social freedom: a crusade that engaged the art of William Morris. Meanwhile Mr. Kipling was preaching a noble imperialism; Mr. Shaw was insisting that facing the facts of life is the only road to salvation; Francis Thompson turned to mysticism; John Davidson analyzed the difficult present and hailed the dawn of a splendid future; while an impressive array of lesser geniuses wrote and painted, dreamed and discussed, gaily defying old customs and solemnly inaugurating a new, and on the whole a better, order of things. To those who, like the present reviewer, grew up in the nineties and were absorbed in one or another of its many trends, the complexity of Mr. Jackson's analysis will prove astonishing; and to any reader it will be somewhat overpowering, with the recurring long lists of names and the conscientious attempt to be complete at all costs. We miss the sympathetic spontaneity of Mr. Jackson's earlier and more casual studies of men and books. Nevertheless, "The Eighteen Nineties" is good work, worthy of the fine setting and copious and interesting illustration that the publishers have provided. Sympathetic studies of the arresting phases of the "yellow nineties" are common enough; Mr. Jackson has found his opportunity in showing how regenerate forces mingled there with degenerate, and in calling attention to the date of much fine work—Mr. Shaw's plays, for example,—that was the true fruit of the nineties, though it waited until the twentieth century for popular understanding and acclaim.

An uncanonized Quaker saint.

If the Quakers thus magnified their purest spirits, John Woolman would be a saint. But the Quakers have a way, unfortunately, of keeping many of their best things to themselves; and had it not been for the recognition accorded by Charles Lamb and President Eliot and other men of the "world," Woolman's name would hardly be known outside of the Society of Friends. As it is, many well-read people know John Woolman's meagre Journal to be the record of one of the most remarkably consistent lives ever lived on the pattern of Christ's. As literature, it is one of the precious documents of the American colonial period. To rehearse Woolman's life with the help of his Journal, fortified by contemporary testimony, was well enough. But the world to-day wants to know whether this Christ-life led under the sole dictates of the Voice within is practicable. Is it possible for a man to be in the world and yet not of it, as was Woolman? A tailor of Burlington, New Jersey, he supported a family, paid his bills, directed by spoken and written word the trend of contemporary Quakerism, travelled repeatedly on horseback from New England to Virginia, visited England in the love of the gospel, and died of small-pox at York in 1772 in the fifty-third year of his age. So much Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore relates well enough, in his volume entitled "John Woolman: His Life and Our Times" (Macmillan); but he misses the chance to present Woolman effectively as a prophet of our times. See what this Quaker stood for in the middle of the eighteenth century: anti-slavery in the Colonies, a just treatment of the Indians and a lively solicitude for their moral welfare, temperance in the use of liquors, peace among the nations, improvement in the condition of certain oppressed laboring classes, simplicity of life and modesty in expenditure, sharing the lot of the unfortunate, the responsibility of wealth. This sounds modern enough to arouse the curiosity of our generation to know more of such a life. Speaking only at the irresistible dictates of his Master, letting his example speak louder than words, by the modesty and gentleness of his love for all sorts and condi-

tions of humanity he drew all men unto him. The idiosyncrasies into which he was led by the logical expression of his ideals seem not to have interfered a whit with the great influence that was diffused by his personality. There is a place for a book which shall study this life from the standpoint of present-day society; but in the meantime we do well to ponder the secret of Woolman's power. His Journal cannot be lightly read by any serious man. It contains the most vital message that Quakerism has brought to the modern world.

English church architecture.

Mr. Francis Bond's imposing book on "English Church Architecture" (Oxford Press) is popular in intent; whereas his earlier work, "Gothic Architecture in England," was confessedly technical. It is questionable, however, whether the intention is well kept. In mere point of size, with their thousand pages and their fourteen hundred illustrations, the new volumes are somewhat discouraging. Mr. Bond calls attention, for instance, to the individual analyses of fifty-seven vaults which he expects will refresh the jaded reader who has just finished a systematic discussion of vaulting. Perhaps Englishmen with a hobby for ecclesiastical architecture can enjoy this; but most other people would prefer some selection. When it is understood that the author has avoided duplicating illustrations which were included in the earlier book, itself containing over twelve hundred of the most significant examples, it may be doubted whether the volumes are supremely adapted for popular reading. The student, of course, will welcome the rich publication of new photographic material and comment, which must really have furnished the chief motive for issuing the work. In his general and special publications, Mr. Bond is in effect gradually supplying a *corpus* of English church architecture, not in the best organized form, perhaps, but rendered accessible by the very excellent indexes. In the new book the text is admittedly subsidiary to the illustrations, yet it contains matter of very great value. Its principal service is in bringing church architecture into close relation to ecclesiology, which has been much neglected in architectural books. The relation of the plan of the churches to the varied ritual under monastic, canonical, and parochial use, is set forth in the most illuminating fashion, and goes far to explain many differences which have seemed arbitrary. The vexed questions of the origins of ribbed vaulting, of the apsidal aisle, and of French flamboyant tracery are treated with refreshing common sense and freedom from national bias. The student, for whose benefit such questions are really discussed, may be amused by the popular analogies drawn from millinery and gastronomy, and possibly a bit irritated by didactic reiteration, but will welcome the book as a useful addition to his resources. Indeed, were it not for the uncertainty of aim which has been noted, one might recommend the work without qualification.

A lawyer's anecdotal retrospections.

If all extant stories of the bench and bar were gathered into one volume, how elephantine would be its proportions! The professional memories of even a single lawyer or judge are frequently packed with enough choice anecdotes to fill a book of good size. Rich in entertaining matter of this sort is the reminiscent volume, "Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime" (Dodd), from the pen of Mr. Theron G. Strong, of the New York bar. With modest self-effacement he touches but lightly and incidentally on the facts of his own history, but discourses at length and with generous tribute of praise concerning the leaders of his profession whom he has known in the course of more than forty years' practice in the courts of New York. A justifiable pride is manifested by him, at the opening of his book, in his descent from the Connecticut Strongs, among whom have been many distinguished lawyers and judges. He does not, however, weary his readers by tracing that descent, as he probably could have done, from the John Strong who came to this country in 1630 and, if genealogists are to be trusted, was the progenitor of the Connecticut Strongs with whom this bearer of the name claims kinship. In fact, John is not mentioned at all; but the names of Judge Martin Strong, Mr. Justice William Strong, Judge Theron R. Strong (the author's father), and others, suffice to attest the more than common ability of this branch of the Strong family. Among the famous jurists whose achievements and peculiarities are made to lend interest to the writer's pages are William M. Evarts, Justice Field, Charles O'Conor, George F. Comstock, John K. Porter, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and many others. Illustrations of Evarts's ready wit are given in abundance, and among them this brief message accompanying a present to Bancroft: "I am sending you the usual half-barrel of pig-pork and my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase, both the products of my *pen*." In a book so large as Mr. Strong's, and presumably written rapidly in scant moments of leisure, errors of inadvertence are all but inevitable. Upon careful revision he would doubtless correct such slips as "laid awake," and he would alter the wording of the clause in which he says of Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, that he "rarely began a sentence with the definite articles 'a' 'an' or 'the,' or with a personal pronoun."

Wise counsels for daily living.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot's happily-conceived and happily-named volume, "What Men Live By" (Houghton), belongs to a type of book periodically launched by the moralist, and usually varying from the dismal and feeble to the mediocre relieved by streaks of insight. The prejudice against books of this type is for the most part justified; but we should be sorry if it lost Dr. Cabot a single reader. So much depends upon how a task is conceived, and how it is met. To begin with, Dr. Cabot speaks with a fulness of many-sided knowledge and a geniality

of outlook that may well claim kinship with the spirit of the two great medical men of letters of our land: the Autocrat still speaking to twentieth-century breakfast tables, and Weir Mitchell, whose loss carries the sorrow of a recent memory. The four arms of the cross that support the burden of life are Work, Play, Love, and Worship. Very old themes, but set in a modern key; readily bandied as words, repeated as cant, circulated by the solemn with a self-righteous complacency, and by the frivolous in a Pickwickian sense: it is no slight undertaking to put new wine in old bottles and risk the odium of abused labels. The legacy of Puritanism, despite the sturdy virtues that give it an enduring place in American loyalty, has rested heavily on the land. It is redeemed, in what measure it needed redemption, by the ability with which its distinguished descendants have met the new obligations with the new insight. It is as a contribution to the values of life that this readable volume, aptly phrased and well sustained, deserves a popular career. It is sound doctrine for the body, good wholesome sense for the mind, a balanced and not a specious optimism for the soul. Here and there the critical reader will find things that he would have said differently, and some that he would not have said at all. There is no preaching by intent, but only by implication. If anyone wants good advice or good stimulus to fair thinking on vital subjects, he will find it here. If there could be disseminated a knowledge of how to work and how to play, how to get the blessing of personal giving and receiving, how to be staunch and yet gentle, responsive to the big things as well as to the little things, life would be more worth living, and the limitations of our influential neighbors less distressing. It is a fine thing to have this demonstration that a man may be as discriminating as the best of us and yet retain an enthusiasm of interest and a sane perspective of values. Those who have avoided books of this genus because they did not care to expose themselves to the insult of a complacent optimism that made all things good because it saw all things with a comprehensive immunity to their real significance, may take up Dr. Cabot's volume without apprehension. They may not like all of it; but they will like much of it. Everyone knows many people who should read this book.

An interpretation of Chinese Buddhism.

Among the many publications of the past few years dealing with various phases of Chinese civilization, it is a rare pleasure to find a book at once so scholarly and so sympathetic as is Mr. Reginald Fleming Johnston's "Buddhist China" (Dutton). The early chapters discuss the origin and development of characteristic features of that form of Buddhism known as the Mahayana, especially in its Chinese type. The later chapters deal with religious pilgrimages in China, and treat with especial fulness two of the four sacred mountains of Chinese Buddhists. A sojourner for fifteen years among the Chinese, Mr. Johnston has shown his "grateful appreciation of the unvarying courtesy and hospitality extended to him by the abbots and monks in whose romantic mountain-homes he has spent the happiest days of his fifteen years" by not only studying with painstaking interest the religion embodied in these placid mountain temple retreats, but also by imbibing that spirit and transferring it to the pages of this book in which he sets forth Chinese Buddhism to Occidental readers. His study is a very pleasing example of that sort of scholarly work which, instead of destroying the object of its analysis, really succeeds in conveying that object in essence to the reader. Free of all conscious struggle to express the romantic and poetic, the deep and the childlike, spirit of Chinese Buddhism, Mr. Johnston's interpretation, nevertheless, does express just these well-nigh inexpressible essences that float about the precincts of a Buddhist monastery in the mountains of China. He has evidently "fallen under the potent witchery of Chinese landscape painting," and has "found his way into the treasure house of Chinese poetry." If the statement of Fenollosa, quoted in the preface of this study, that "a very large part of the finest thought and standards of living that have gone into Chinese life and the finest part of what has issued therefrom in literature and art, have been strongly tinged with Buddhism,"—if this is true, then so competent and so sympathetic a treatment of Chinese Buddhism as the one before us ought to do much to introduce to Europe the spirit of Chinese art. To one who knows something of that art it appears likely to be a mere matter of a quarter-century before Chinese art will be as popular among persons of taste in America as is Japanese art to-day; and its influence will be equally wholesome and refining. Such books as Mr. Johnston's "Buddhist China" will hasten that day.

A bible of humanistic religion.

The most elaborate, and in many ways the most interesting, compilation that has come to our notice for a long time past is Dr. Stanton Coit's "Social Worship" (Macmillan), published on behalf of the West London Ethical Society as a memorial of its twenty-first anniversary. In fixing upon this publication as the most appropriate and useful form which their memorial could assume, the members of the Society (as we are told in the Introduction) "felt that the Religion of Science, Democracy, and Personal Responsibility in the Service of Humanity must become, like Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, a religion of a book. . . . Our ambition has been, to do — so far as could be feasible, after only twenty-one short years of organized effort — for the enthusiasms, visions, and motives which have drawn us into religious fellowship, what the writers and compilers of the New Testament did for their own religious experiences and those of their immediate predecessors, in collecting the sayings and traditions current among them; or what the editors of the Old Testament did for the moral idealism of their race." The result of this ambitious purpose, embodied in

upwards of 650 double-column quarto pages, is a gleaning from the entire field of world literature, beginning in point of time with the Eastern Scriptures and coming down to President Wilson's Inaugural Speech, — with a range of sources as various as these two instances suggest. In the selection of matter for inclusion, as well as in all other details of editorship, the religious motive has been predominant; spirit and substance, rather than form, are counted the essential thing. So far, indeed, are literary considerations subordinated to the compiler's purpose, that in not a few cases famous originals have been adapted and even largely rewritten to bring them into harmony with the ethical concept. The aim throughout has been to produce, not a literary anthology, subjectively chosen and arranged, but rather a liturgical manual for social worship, whether in the family, the school, or the church. Such a work has long been needed, and it is certain to fill a large place and to exercise a very great influence in an age when religious creeds of every sort are shaping themselves more and more to the insistent human demand for social brotherhood and righteousness. We predict, too, that a wide circle of individual readers will be grateful for such a splendid body of inspirational, humanistic literature, presented in so beautiful a typographical setting. A supplementary volume, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, is devoted to music, — canticles, hymns, responses, and anthems, all especially arranged for this publication.

Our sense of Beauty.

Not many students are qualified to treat the psychology of æsthetics for the lay reader; and the editors of the Cambridge manuals were fortunate in securing "Vernon Lee" (Miss Violet Paget) to write their volume on "The Beautiful." The plan of the little book is delightfully simple. "It takes Beauty as already existing and enjoyed, and seeks to account for Beauty's existence and enjoyment." In pursuit of this aim, the author leads us through chapters of varying difficulty on "Elements of Shape," "Empathy," "The Aims of Art," "Co-operation of Things and Shapes," "Æsthetic Irradiation and Purification," and kindred topics. The subject is bound to be thorny, if it is approached conscientiously. The physiological basis of æsthetic preference is no simple problem, nor is anything to be gained by complacently disregarding its fundamental complexity and inevitable difficulty. More thorough and patient investigation of details by the psychologists will help toward clarity; but in the meantime we may be sagaciously suspicious of any general treatment that presents the appearance of smoothness and finality. In this respect Miss Paget's volume is admirable; for it does not blink the hard points, while the presentation is as clear and as free from technicalities as the nature and status of the subject will allow. All in all, one is glad to predict that the readers of this tiny book will be well repaid. After this commendation we may be allowed to voice our belief that the final chapter might have given us a little more help in answering the important question, How has sensitiveness to Beauty contributed to the survival of mankind? It is true that "æsthetic preference must remain only one degree less mysterious than the genesis and evolutional reason of its psychological components"; but even so there are a few established features that might have been adduced. As a matter of sociological interest we quote the author's statement that "æsthetic contemplation, instead of making an exception, a kind of bank holiday, to daily life, is in reality half of daily life's natural and healthy rhythm." It may be true of the readers kept in mind by our enviable connoisseur of the fine arts; but what about the millions in Europe and America for whom life is almost wholly squalid grief and sordid toil? In fulfilment of our duty as a conscientious reviewer, we must protest against "these kind of cases" (p. 140), and one or two minor slips of presentation. (Putnam.)

Hidden nooks from Land's End to the Adriatic.

Mr. Robert Shackleton's "Unvisited Places of Old Europe" (Penn Publishing Co.) is a revelation of how many odd and interesting and well-nigh unknown spots may be found by the curious traveller in regions of Europe commonly held to have been scoured clean of all mystery and romance by the friction of assiduous tourists. Mr. Shackleton, a traveller of experience and not lacking initiative and originality, has sought and found the unfamiliar and the piquantly attractive in the Scilly Islands, Guernsey, the less-frequented portions of Normandy, in the Ardennes, Holland, Luxembourg, the principality of Liechtenstein, the anomalous little town of Moresnet, owing allegiance to two sovereigns and governed alternately by a Belgian and a Prussian burgomaster, the old red city of Rothenburg, the St. Gotthard pass in winter, the Dolomites in the same bracing season, the real Naples of the Neapolitans, and along the river Brenta to the Bride of the Adriatic. The author has a keenly observant eye and an aptly descriptive pen. In the little-visited Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg he is agreeably surprised to find, but slightly removed from the beaten tracks of travel, "isolated villages, of houses gleaming white against the glaring green of hillsides, where the landlord of the little inn will evince a desire to shake your hand on arriving, but — to use an expressive Americanism for which there is really no capable substitute — not to pull your leg on leaving." At Sedan, he tells us, "I noticed that not a man, woman, or child dogged my steps to sell mementoes of that bitter battlefield, and that if I spoke in German to one of the townsfolk who was not in a business demanding the pleasing of strangers, I was told, with dry disrelish, that German was not understood." Mr. Walter Hale furnishes a colored frontispiece to the book, with numerous line drawings in the printed page, and Mr. Ralph L.

Boyer contributes tinted views from photographs. In handsome binding and large type, the work in its present edition makes a fine appearance, in harmony with the excellence of its contents.

Studies in the evolution of the library.

He will be difficult to please who shall complain that Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, in his book on "The Beginnings of Libraries" (Princeton University Press), has not pushed his researches sufficiently far back into the prehistoric past. The Vedas say that book-collections existed even before the Creator created himself, writes Dr. Richardson, and the Koran maintains that such a collection coëxisted from eternity with the uncreated God. He decides that it is idle to try to discover earlier traces of libraries. On another page he writes, quite seriously: "If it is true that the animals do make conscious marks to guide them back to hidden objects, or even that they do have memory for facts, which is true memory, then possibly the beginnings at least of memory libraries and perhaps of external records must in the future be sought in the animal world." Even the possibility of plant libraries is hinted at. Under primitive libraries in the world of man are considered collections of message sticks, fetishes, personal ornaments, skin calendars, totems, votive objects, etc. In fact, what most of us would regard as an anthropological museum, the writer chooses to consider a library; and therefore he illustrates his book with wampum belts, Peruvian quipus, message sticks, leopard's teeth, tattoo marks, and picture writing. Fanciful and strained must seem to the general reader, if he should read the book, some of the ideas it contains. But its nucleus was an address before library school pupils, and to library workers chiefly its present elaborated form is likely to appeal. It shows scholarship and curious research, and is a fitting addition to the author's earlier studies on "Antediluvian Libraries," "Mediæval Libraries," "Some Old Egyptian Libraries," etc.

A handbook to Hauptmann's life and work.

In his small volume on the life and works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Professor Karl Holl succeeds in transposing the challenging tones of the sunken bell, that ring through all of Hauptmann's dramas, into notes of universal compassion. He shows us this poetic Teuton dreamer, Germany's greatest living dramatist, as the most potent force in the new idealism that is leavening our literature. The autobiographical note is interestingly emphasized. When Hauptmann placed the early drama, "Lonely Lives," in the hands of "those who have lived it," he saw no other way for the hero to end the conflict in his soul than to seek peace in death. "Man must justify his vision of life and make, not accept, destiny,"—this expresses the individualism of Hauptmann's later heroes, and the influences that shaped his own course. The soul-baring exposition of the eternal problem of one man claimed by two women in the gripping drama, "Gabriel Schilling's Flight," gives the crisis in his life. "Hannele," the first of the dream-plays, bewildered the critics by its deeply religious symbolism. Later, "When Pippa Dances" was the subject of mystified comments. Professor Holl elucidates the symbolical dramas for English readers in an admirable manner, and he succeeds in bringing out the sheer poetic beauty of realism, when it serves truth,—as it does in all that Hauptmann has written. (McClurg).

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Readings in American History" (Scribner), by Professor James Alton James, is a companion volume to the historical text-book of Messrs. James and Sandford. There can be no doubt, as the editor urges, that such a selection of source-material "adds life and reality to historical study" in the secondary schools, and we trust that the day is not far distant when every student shall be required to obtain a book of this type for use in connection with his narrative text. The selections are of widely varied interest, and seem to us exceptionally well chosen.

As a companion volume to similar works covering Europe, Asia, and America, the projectors of "Everyman's Library" (Dent-Dutton) now give us "A Literary and Historical Atlas of Africa and Australia," edited by Dr. J. G. Bartholomew. With upwards of one hundred pages of maps and plans (for the most part in colors), besides a gazetteer, index, and other text material, the book is a marvel of value for the price. The four volumes, as a set, present a graphic survey of the world's historical and cultural development, from earliest times to the present.

Mr. W. E. Carson's "Mexico: The Wonderland of the South" (Macmillan), first published in 1909, is now issued in a revised edition, with new chapters summarizing the political history of the country from the accession of Diaz in 1876 to the present administration of Huerta, together with an account of existing conditions based on the author's recent visit to the republic. In its new form, this work embodies as entertaining and instructive an account of Mexico as the general reader is likely to want. There are numerous illustrations from photographs, excellently reproduced.

Woman's achievements in literature, art, science, finance, philanthropy, music, and education—as exemplified in the persons of seventeen eminent women of the present day—form the subject of Miss Lois Oldham Henrici's well-conceived and handsomely-made book, "Representative Women," which bears the imprint of "The Crafters," of Kansas City. From Madame Curie, at the head of the list, to Miss Ellen Key, at the foot, the names are those of women in whom we are all interested; and the short biographical sketches, with accompanying portraits, help to a clear conception of their several kinds and degrees of genius or talent. A six-page alphabetical list of other notable women is appended, and an Introduction by Miss Ada M. Kassimer is prefixed.

To the numerous series of handbooks dealing with serious topics on a scale somewhat between the average encyclopædia article and the exhaustive special monograph is now added "The National Social Science Series" (McClurg), issued under the general editorship

of Dr. Frank L. McVey of the University of North Dakota. A promising beginning has been made with three volumes,—"Money" by Professor William A. Scott, "Taxation" by Mr. C. B. Fillebrown, and "The Family and Society" by Professor John M. Gillette. The treatment in each case seems to be thorough and authoritative without sacrifice of popular appeal. In view of the marked present interest in social and economic affairs throughout America, we can imagine a very wide field of usefulness for this enterprise.

Mr. G. W. Hinckley has a pitying scorn for the weaklings who indulge in a summer outing in a so-called "camp" of comfortable and even luxurious appointments, including porcelain bath-tubs and electric lights, and call it "camping out." His conception of the real thing in this branch of healthful recreation is presented in the various chapters of his book, "Roughing it with Boys" (Association Press), in which it is made plain that he is a camper-out of the good old-fashioned sort, and also a pedestrian of excellent staying powers. Furthermore, he evidently knows boys and how to handle them. On his title-page he describes himself as "General Supervisor, Good Will Association, Hinckley, Maine." This is plainly the book, or one of the books, for boys to read in preparation for their summer's camping. It is well illustrated in half-tone.

For well over half a century, Roget's "Thesaurus" has been to countless literary workers a very present help, second only in usefulness to the dictionary itself. Of the long series of reissues since its first appearance in 1852 the latest is a "large type edition" (Crowell), revised and brought down to date by Mr. C. O. S. Mawson. The large type is an actuality, and the revision is of a very substantial sort — consisting in the judicious addition of numerous slang and cant expressions, Americanisms, and various new phrases and quotations. The use of thin paper reduces the 650 pages of the book to a thickness of less than an inch. Altogether, this seems to us the very best edition of the "Thesaurus" now available. An interesting minor feature is the frontispiece portrait of Roget, which shows us a countenance as modest and as winning as Charles Lamb's.

NOTES.

Still another book about Shelley is announced in Mr. A. H. Koszul's "The Youth of Shelley."

Miss May Sinclair is at work upon a new novel, the scene of which will be laid in Yorkshire.

A volume on Poetry by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch will soon be added to Messrs. Dutton's attractive little series of "Fellowship Books."

"From Connaught to Chicago" is the title of the forthcoming volume of American impressions by Canon Hannay ("G. A. Birmingham").

Australia is the scene of Miss Doris Egerton Jones's "Peter Piper," a novel which Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. will publish early this month.

A study of "Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations," by Professor Arthur Stone Dewing, will be published at once by the Harvard University Press.

A revised edition of Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman's standard work on the income tax is in press. An entirely new chapter has been added and many minor alterations made.

An addition to Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s Spring list is announced in "The Lone Wolf," a new novel by Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, which will appear in May.

An addition to the list of Spring books already announced by Houghton Mifflin Co. is a volume by Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby on South Africa, in "The English People Overseas" series.

Mr. Robert W. Neeser, author of that entertaining chronicle, "A Landsman's Log," has in course of preparation with the Yale University Press a work entitled "Our Many-Sided Navy."

Early this month the Macmillan Co. will publish Volume I. of Mr. W. B. Bryan's "History of the National Capital," the first adequate survey of the rise and development of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Henry James's forthcoming volume entitled "Notes on Novelists" will range in subject from Stevenson to Matilde Serao, taking in Flaubert, Zola, George Sand, Balzac, and d'Annunzio by the way.

We learn by way of the London "Nation" that Mr. George Haven Putnam, the well-known publisher, has completed a volume of personal reminiscences, soon to be published under the title, "Memoirs of My Youth, 1844–1865."

Professor Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's lectures "On the Art of Writing," recently delivered before the University of Cambridge, will be published shortly in book form by Messrs. Putnam as agents for the Cambridge University Press.

The first publication of Messrs. Vaughan & Gomme of New York is a volume of short stories, entitled "John Silence," by Mr. Algernon Blackwood. This will be followed at intervals by reprints of other of Mr. Blackwood's fiction, in uniform style.

A little book that will be widely read and discussed is the English translation of M. Bergson's lecture on Dreams, which Mr. B. W. Huebsch will publish this month. The translation is the work of Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, who also supplies an Introduction.

Mr. Paul Elmer More has retired from active editorship of "The Nation" in order to devote his time wholly to independent critical work. He is succeeded by Mr. Harold De Wolf Fuller, who has been the assistant editor for three or four years past.

"Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country: Their Friendship, Work, and Surroundings," by Professor William Knight, is an interesting announcement from Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Edmund H. New will contribute a number of drawings to the volume.

Dr. Paget Toynbee's well-known "Dante Dictionary" has now for some years been out of print. "A Concise Dante Dictionary" by Dr. Toynbee, announced by the Oxford University Press, is designed to serve as a convenient handbook and a companion to the Oxford Dante.

Volumes on Walt Whitman, Henry James, and Mr. Robert Bridges are soon to be added to the series of critical studies published by Mr. Martin Secker of London. The three volumes are the work of, respectively, Mr. Basil de Sélincourt, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and Mr. F. Brett Young.

"Everyman's Irish Library" is the title of a new series to be published under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves by the Talbot Press, a Dublin firm of publishers. The first volumes to appear will include "Selections from the Prose and Poetical Works of Thomas Davis" by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, "The

Parliaments of Ireland" by Mr. J. G. Swift McNeill, "Grattan" by Lord Castletown, "The Mind of Burke" by Professor Magennis, "A Paradise of Irish Poetry, Old and New," compiled by Mr. A. P. Graves, and a selection from Miss Edgeworth's novels containing unpublished material, edited by Mr. Malcolm Seton.

An important series of art books is being projected by Messrs. Scribner in Professor John C. Van Dyke's "New Guides to Old Masters." There are to be twelve volumes in all, dealing with all the important art museums of Europe. The National Gallery and Wallace Collections of London form the subject of the initial volume, to appear immediately.

"Arms and Industry: A Study of the Foundations of International Polity," by Norman Angell, will be issued at once by Messrs. Putnam. In this book the author of "The Great Illusion" shows systematically and scientifically the nature of those forces which are transforming the relationship of states and, indeed, to some extent the mechanism of organized society as a whole.

The subject of Signor Guglielmo Ferrero's new book, which will be published soon by Messrs. Putnam, is a comparison between the morals and manners of ancient Rome and those of modern America. Signor Ferrero is now engaged on a more extended work which he hopes to make the most comprehensive and searching study of the modern and ancient worlds that has yet appeared.

Still another periodical consecrated to poetry has been launched in England. "New Numbers" is its title, it will appear quarterly, and its sponsors are four poets—Messrs. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Rupert Brooke, Lascelles Abercrombie, and John Drinkwater. Sixty pages of verse by these writers make up the first issue. It now only remains for some enterprising poet to publish a magazine devoted exclusively to his own writings.

"Ernest Dowson: Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters, and Marginalia," by Mr. Victor Plarr, is soon to be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews of London. It will deal incidentally with the history of the Rhymers' Club and the group at whose meetings, in Mr. Arthur Symons's description, "young poets, then very young, recited their own verses to one another with a desperate and ineffectual attempt to get into key with the Latin Quarter."

Harry Thurston Peck, author, editor, and classical scholar, committed suicide March 23 at Stamford, Conn.,—the city in which he was born fifty-eight years ago. Soon after his graduation from Columbia he became a tutor in that university, and from 1904 to 1910 he held the Anthon chair of Latin language and literature. He was editor of "The Bookman" from 1895 to 1902, and literary editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," from 1897 to 1902. He also edited a number of important publications, including "Harper's Classical Dictionary," the "International Encyclopædia," the "New International Encyclopædia," the "Library of the World's Literature," and the Columbia University "Studies in Classical Philology." Among his miscellaneous writings are the following: "The Semitic Theory of Creation," "Latin Pronunciation," "The Adventures of Mabel," "The Personal Equation," "What Is Good English?" "Greystone and Porphyry" (a volume of poetry), "Life of Prescott," "The New Baedeker," "History of Classical Philology," and a translation of Petronius's "Trimalchio's Feast."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

April, 1914.

Aeroplane, The, and War. E. A. von Muffling *Lippincott*
Agricultural Credit. R. B. Van Cortlandt *North American*
America and Americans. G. A. Birmingham *Everybody's*
American Literature. Edwin Björkman . . . . *Century*
Anti-trust Programme, The. Samuel Untermeyer *No. Amer.*
Art, A Distinctively American. J. W. Alexander *Century*
Art, The "Moderns" in. Walter Pach . . . . *Century*
Artist and Public. Kenyon Cox . . . . . *Scribner*
Automobiles in America. R. McI. Cleveland *World's Work*
Baker, Newton D., Mayor of Cleveland. B. J. Hendrick . . . . . *World's Work*
Brazilian Wilderness, In the. Theodore Roosevelt *Scribner*
Business, New Morals of. C. M. Keys . . *World's Work*
Canadian Construction Camps, Education in. Alfred FitzPatrick . . . . . *World's Work*
Celtic Immigrant Tide, The. Edward A. Ross . . *Century*
China, Revolutionary—II. B. G. Yung . *World's Work*
"Christianity, Twentieth-Century." A. T. Mahan . . . . . *North American*
Coastwise Toll Exemption. E. R. Johnson *No. American*
Cubism, Ancestry of. Jay and Gove Hambidge . *Century*
Denmark, Court of. Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone . . . . . *Harper*
Diplomacy, Adventures in—I. F. T. Hill . . . *Atlantic*
Diplomatic Service, Standardizing Our. D. J. Hill *Harper*
Drama of Sincerity, The American. Sheldon Cheney *Forum*
East, Problem of the. J. Ingram Bryan . . . . *Forum*
Editors, Adventures with. Henry Sydnor Harrison *Atlantic*
Education, The Gary System of. A. J. Nock . *American*
English, The. James D. Whelpley . . . . . *Century*
English, Writing. Henry Seidel Canby . . . . . *Harper*
Ethics, The Fallacy of. H. Fielding-Hall . . . *Atlantic*
Eugenics, Progress of. C. W. Saleeby . . . . . *Forum*
Europe: What It Thinks of Us—I. David S. Jordan . . . . . *World's Work*
Everlasting Life, Art of. Thomas P. Beyer . . . *Forum*
Fairs, County, in the West. W. H. Dunton . . *Scribner*
Fort, Paul. J. K. Rooker . . . . . *North American*
Fourth Dimension, The. Frederick A. Rudd . . *Forum*
Frazer's "Golden Bough." George Hodges . . *Atlantic*
Furness, Horace H., Letters of. F. N. Thorpe . *Lippincott*
Gambling, American. Hugh S. Fullerton . . *American*
Government, Good, in New England. Lincoln Steffens . . . . . *Metropolitan*
Gravity—What It Is. Sir Oliver Lodge . . . *Harper*
Greek Feasts. H. G. Dwight . . . . . *Scribner*
Grotesque, Riddle of the. May Ellis Nichols . . *Forum*
Immigration. Mary Antin . . . . . *American*
Industrial Relations Commission. W. Lippmann *Everybody's*
Iwahig Penal Colony, The. Lyman B. Stowe *World's Work*
Jordan, David Starr. Isaac Russell . . *World's Work*
Matriarchy, A Survival of. Carrie C. Catt . . . *Harper*
Men, Fashions in. Katharine F. Gerould . . . *Atlantic*
Meunier, Constantin. Cornelia B. Sage . . . . *Scribner*
Mexico, With La Tropa in. John Reed . . *Metropolitan*
Mormons, Calling on the. Elinore R. Stewart . *Atlantic*
"Movies," Forerunner of the. Brander Matthews *Century*
North Africa, Deserts of. G. E. Woodberry . . *Scribner*
Painting of To-day. E. H. Blashfield . . . . *Century*
Painting of To-morrow. E. L. Blumenschein . . *Century*
Panama Canal, Value of. T. P. Shonts . *World's Work*
Profit-sharing, Mr. Ford and. E. A. Rumely *World's Work*
Profit-sharing Plan, The Ford. Garet Garrett *Everybody's*
Protestant Paradox. Zephine Humphrey . . . *Atlantic*
Railroads, Government, in Alaska. C. Weems *N. American*
Railroads, Valuation of. C. A. Prouty . *World's Work*
Railway Mail Pay. William J. Showalter . . . . *Forum*
Railways, American. Slason Thompson . *North American*
Redmond, John. L. G. Redmond-Howard . . . *Forum*
Rihbany, Abraham Mitrie, Autobiography of . . *Atlantic*
Road, The. Winifred Kirkland . . . . . *Atlantic*
School-days. Margaret Lynn . . . . . *Atlantic*

Shavian Religion. P. Gavan Duffy . . . . . *Century*
Singing-Teacher, The. Francis Rogers . . . . *Scribner*
Single Tax, The. Evans Woollen . . . . . *Atlantic*
Smith, Goldwin. James Bryce . . . . *North American*
Socialism. Morris Hillquit and J. A. Ryan . *Everybody's*
Supreme Court, Men of the. E. G. Lowry *World's Work*
"Tiger": Mr. Bynner's Play. Gertrude Traubel . *Forum*
Travel. Louise Collier Willcox . . . . *North American*
Treaty-making Power. H. St. George Tucker *No. Amer.*
Vigor or Decadence? Carl S. Downes . . . . . *Forum*
War, The United States and. Harry A. Austin . *Forum*
Wilson, An Appeal to. George Harvey . *North American*
Wireless, Romance of the. Walter S. Hiatt . . *Scribner*
Woman Problem, The. Elisabeth Woodbridge . *Atlantic*
Yucatan Ruins, The. Ellsworth Huntington . . *Harper*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 193 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its issue of March 1.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

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